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THEIR COLD WELCOME.

HOW THE ST. JOHN FIREMEN WERE RECEIVED IN FREDERICTON.

They Went Upon Invitation to Take Part in the Jubilee Celebration but the Celestial Firemen Gave Them the Cold Shoulder.—Mr. Edgecombe's Kindness to the Boys.

Is there anything in the line of sport, celebration, or general festivity, in which St. John and Fredericton can enter together without some little differences of opinion and unpleasant occurrences, either at the time or afterwards? The late celebration at the capital was a success, unparalleled in the history of the up-river town, and to the casual eye everything passed off with most successful results; true the city was over-crowded but to the male portion of the city's occupants this only added flavor to the over boiling enthusiasm.

Before the Fredericton Jubilee arrangements had been completed Mayor Vanwart, who was particularly struck with the showing the St. John firemen made in this city's demonstration, invited numbers 4 and 5 departments of North End, and the two divisions of Salvage Corps to attend the Jubilee in Fredericton with their decorated apparatus and in uniform. Chief Kerr was enthusiastic over the idea of assisting the Fredericton people in this manner and did not hesitate in the least to grant his men the necessary leave of absence, putting themselves to considerable expense, and, at a slight disadvantage to the St. John fire department, a large party of firemen went up, taking part in, and adding very materially to the general excellence of Fredericton's Jubilee fête, but they came home apparently sadder, and, if their side of the story is correct, much wiser men.

In a few words St. John firemen, although having no grievance with their Fredericton brethren, claim they were shabbily treated, and it took them all the time they were up there to find out why such "hospitality" was tendered them; and even yet the fact is not clear to them. To get fully at the bottom of the matter one would need to be conversant with the capital's civic-political affairs for therein hangs the tale.

For several years there has been a murmur of dissatisfaction not only among Fredericton citizens but even among the firemen as to the occupancy of chief of the Fredericton fire department. Chief Lipsett it is claimed is not as popular with his men and the powers that be as his position would call for, and in his last election he won over his nearest competitor, Mr. David Stockford, by the narrow margin of one vote. By the uninterested inference might be drawn from this that Mr. Lipsett was not the unanimous choice of the council electors, and quite naturally he in return would feel little tenderness towards that majority. This of course has caused a strained feeling between the chief and the council.

Whether it was intentional antagonism to Mayor Vanwart's wishes or a fear that the Fredericton firemen would be outshone by their foggy-city-fellow-fire-friends, that made Chief Lipsett act so coolly towards the St. John contingent is not known, but the fact remains that the visitors received anything but a Jubilee welcome.

They were not met at the boats and trains by the capital fire laddies, nor were apartments secured for them in the rapidly filling hotels, as might have been done out of courtesy; and even when they did find fire department headquarters their reception could not have been guaranteed to play havoc with an ice house. Many walked the streets all night; and all through the proceedings Fredericton and St. John firemen were almost two distinct bodies socially.

When the request was made of the St. John men that they give an exhibition of fast hose stretching, it was found that several obstacles had to be overcome before the exhibition could be given. In the first place a couple of North End firemen had to scout around in back yards for pulleys on which to suspend their hose cart harness. A horse was also quite necessary, and as Chief Lipsett assured the men that no person in Fredericton would trust them with their animal, the home contingent were about to give the matter up. Mr. A. L. Edgecombe however, stepped into the breach and offered the services of his horse, which, although a slightly built beast, served the purpose fairly well; the test was made and in record breaking time, much to the delight of Mayor Vanwart and the

thousands on the streets, but it would not be safe to say what the local corps thought of it. Mr. Edgecombe took in the lay of the land and very cordially invited the St. John men to his home, where their wounded feelings received somewhat of a balm.

Fredericton and her firemen were most urgently requested to take part in the St. John celebration with allowances for expense, but they refused.

HE WAS SUDDENLY SUMMONED.—And Left Several Mourning Creditors Behind.

People are so frequently imposed upon by impostures that it would almost be thought that one or two sharp lessons would be sufficient to prevent them ever being victimized again; but such is not the case and even while the memory of the last happening of the kind is still fresh, similar occurrences will be repeated.

No long ago, a dilapidated specimen of manhood came to St. John and in addition to a pair of crutches, which considerably aided his locomotion, he sported a large red cross on his coat sleeve. He secured board in a family on Union Street and was apparently a moral boarder and christian; if he wasn't very prompt in paying his bills the family were not alarmed, and out of consideration of his crippled condition were very lenient.

Mr. Watson's bookstore had a wonderful attraction for the man and many were the friendly visits he paid to the establishment where he was treated with every courtesy and kindness. His story as told at the bookstore was that he was a pensioner of a certain branch of the Red Cross society which never failed to send him his money promptly on time.

Goods were purchased at the store from time to time, which it is to be presumed he sold again, and finally he ventured upon a request for credit which was given him to quite an amount.

At last one day he appeared and purchased a bible worth six dollars and several other things, promising to call and pay on the following Saturday, when he expected a cheque from the society whose pensioner he was.

It was the old story over again, the man did not turn up on the following Saturday nor has he since been heard from. After a few days Mr. Watson learned that the man had also changed his boarding house, and all that the proprietor knew of the matter was that one day the Red Cross man came home suddenly and showed the family a telegram he claimed to have received summoning him to Halifax where his wife was lying dangerously ill. He said that he would return in a few days and settle his bill. It is still unpaid and doubtless the man still continues to victimize others with his Red Cross story.

INSULTING TO TRAVELLERS.

The Men who Meet Trains and Boats Should be Taught a Lesson.

Almost daily the papers note the reporting of one or more city coachmen for violating the bye laws by which they are governed, while in attendance upon boats, trains etc. These frequent violations of the statutes continue without diminishing in number, citizens generally being unaffected by them. However there is a grievance by which the travelling public is almost constantly abashed, and that is in the ungentlemanly ridicule and insulting remarks of a certain class of hackmen, old enough to know better, but who assume a sort of rough humor and think themselves very funny.

It can be said however that St. John has a full quota of respectable and polite coachmen, who attend to their business with honesty and courtesy and who are seldom found with the other crowd in poking fun at passengers arriving or departing.

Among the passengers to arrive on the Prince Rupert on Dominion day was an American lady who had apparently suffered from seasickness. She was neatly and stylishly dressed in a light outing suit, but looked as if completely bewildered. As she descended the gangway these objectionable hackmen fired a fusillade of insulting remarks at her, some calling out "here comes Duxey," etc.

It will be remembered "Duxey" was that poor unfortunate creature well known in St. John by her white attire in summer and winter alike. The lady was very much frustrated and being in a weakened condition sought the support of a bystander. The people on the wharf thought it an outrage. The Tourist Association may boom the town, the mayor and common council

may endeavor to coax American travel this way, but unless our next door neighbors are treated with more courtesy in, even such particulars as above, the long desired influx of tourists will not materialize.

THEY MISSED THE TRAIN.

A Couple of Excursionists Met With an Embarrassing Adventure.

Numerous church and Sunday school picnics left the city this week for various points around the suburbs, and no doubt interesting happenings might be recorded in every case. Those little incidents seem to be an established part of every well managed picnic and in the majority of cases are more thoroughly enjoyed than was the adventure, in which two young people were the principals, at a Sunday school picnic that had its annual outing at Ludgate lake on Wednesday of this week.

The young couple mentioned were among the excursionists, and apparently had just as good a time as any of the others at the lake. It appears they have a mutual predilection for each other's society that must, however, be kept secret, as the lady's father is known to have a deep dislike against the object of his daughter's regard. Just before the last train with its load of wearied pleasure seekers, left for home the young couple went for a short walk. As it always does upon such interesting occasions, the time flew rapidly by and when the lovers turned trainwards they found that the train had departed leaving them stranded nine miles from the city, with no other prospect of reaching home except by walking, which, as the hour was growing late was not a pleasant one. When the young lady's father learned that his daughter had been left behind his state of mind can be imagined. It was considerably more disturbed when he learned that the young man against whom he had a special dislike was her companion. He antagonized all such institutions as church picnics, but finally allowed his anger to cool sufficiently to send a conveyance to meet the couple whose day had ended in so embarrassing a way.

TALKING ABOUT PAD ROADS.

Features of the Loch Lomond Road—How Will They Be Maintained.

The agitation for good roads has gained much impetus by the meeting held this week. The government recognized the feeling in this direction and had two members present. There was a good deal of plain talk but the only action of a practical nature that was taken was to appoint a committee to report on what roads are bad. That should be an easy matter. Anyone who rides a wheel or drives a horse could make out a list in five minutes that would astonish the authorities, if they are not past that stage. The fact is that the roads in the city and country are not properly made and are not attended to even after they are made. Small ruts which could be remedied in a few minutes are allowed to deepen and extend until they become dangerous. The Loch Lomond road was a splendid example of what neglect and inattention can do. Even to day in one of its narrowest parts a long pile of cordwood takes up a considerable portion of the highway, and when the snow and ice melted this spring many sticks fell into the road. They are there yet. Where is Mr. Stackhouse that he permits this? Then the lumber teams that have done so much to injure this once splendid road, are now allowed to stand all night at any place, to the danger of all passing carriages on a dark night. Only a few days ago there was a serious accident from this cause and the man who drove the carriage died from his injuries. It is said that the small sum of \$250 has been appropriated for the repair of this much used highway. If that is true the people should raise such a protest as would force the authorities to do their justice. After all this question of the maintenance of good roads must be settled in some way, and it comes to taxing private carriages and bicycles the owners will not object so long as they know that the money is put on the roads and does not pass through the hands of political workers.

Mr. King's Death.

The death of P. O. Inspector King, which occurred last Sunday morning came as a sad surprise to his large circle of friends in this city and province. Mr. King held a very high place in the esteem of all classes with whom he was brought in contact. The surviving members of the family have the deepest sympathy in their bereavement.

IT WAS MISMANAGED.

THE ANNAPOLIS DOINGS CAUSE CONSIDERABLE TALK.

Orations Were Promised by Well Known Men but Some of Them Were Not Delivered.—A Newspaper Man Among Those Responsible for the Big Failure.

ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, July 8.—An echo of the Queen's jubilee celebration is heard in this town. It is a charge of gross mismanagement or worse, of the demonstrations in Annapolis. Adjoining counties united with Annapolis for the celebration. The mayor and town council with others were a committee in charge of the affair. These were as sidious in advertising the attractions of the show and they kept saying that there would be the two great orations.—One by Hon. A. R. Dickey, and the other by Hon. Dr. Borden. Even up to the day of the celebration the committee kept circulating the statement that there would be orators, inferring that Dr. Borden would be one of the speakers, knowing full well as they knew from the first, that he would not be present. As to Hon. Mr. Dickey thousands present expected a treat, yet when the time came the ex-minister of justice was besought to cut down his remarks to half an hour. This was the maximum, the sum and substance of the orations. Judge Savary had been asked to prepare an address, and that, too, was cut out, so that the judge was sent home with an undelivered speech and doubtless with the manuscript in his pocket.

The reason for this kind of thing has been sought and there are those who think they have discovered it. Their theory is that an influential section of the committee became interested in the ice cream booth and ginger beer bar and that the conclusion was arrived at that much speech-making and high-toned orations would be less profitable in the receipts, than attendance at the sporting events and freedom to come and go at will. Druggist Atlee and Editor Alcorn had the exclusive right to vend the edible and drinkable referred to. So there was a short innings of "orations" and a long one at the games and refreshment tables. There are many townspeople here who think, that in their treatment of the public and of the speakers who were to have addressed the assembled multitudes, that the mayor and committee came little short of disgracing the town. Possibly though, they acted according to the best of their ability and intended no wrong, and it may be well to allow the charitable view to prevail.

NOW HE IS SORRY THAT HE SPOKE.

Because his Joke was Told, and Carleton is Very Angry.

It is not always safe or kind to make remarks about persons or places, where there is a possibility of such remarks being repeated; that is what a city hall official thought Thursday morning when he was forcibly reminded of something he had thoughtlessly said the evening before. Rebecca Lodge I. O. O. F. of Carleton held a social entertainment on that evening, a sort of return for one that had been given not long ago to them. Among those invited was the city hall man who is somewhat of a gourmand, for when told of the affair he remarked that he was tired of "fish sandwiches", which was about all they ever got when they went to Carleton.

Doubtless he had quite forgotten the words as soon as they were uttered, but it appears that some one remembered and repeated them, for bright and early Thursday morning he was the recipient of a large parcel which upon being opened was found to be a mammoth sandwich, made of a loaf of bread and some small bloaters, with a molasses dressing. Accompanying it was a note expressing regret that he should have missed the dainty the evening before. Now the city hall man is looking for the individual who repeated his words in Carleton.

Is He Living or Dead?

HALIFAX, July 8.—Is ex-stipendiary Motton living or dead? Whether in this sublimity sphere or not his superannuation allowance is still being paid, but before any more city money goes out in this direction the city authorities will know if he is in flesh or not. A couple of years ago Mr. Motton was retired on a pension of \$1000 a year and his honor went to the United States to reside. For some time city treasurer Brown has been paying out the money to Mr. Motton on signatures which are known to be written by some one other than [the ex-stipendiary mag-

istrate. This fact seems to have been brought to light by alderman Hawkins. Then Mayor Stephen took up the matter and has issued orders that no more cash shall be despatched on this account till something definite is learned of Mr. Motton. There is little doubt that he is still living but his worship appears to think it better to make sure.

FOR DISTURBING THE PEACE.

A Halifax Fire Official Fined for Being Disorderly.

HALIFAX, July 8.—Stipendiary Fielding a couple of days ago disposed of a rather sensational case. The charge was brought by the proprietress of a resort on one of the upper streets, who complained that a certain young man at the early hour of four in the morning had thrown stones and broken windows in her house besides conducting himself in other ways that were objectionable to her peace of mind, not to speak of the quiet of the city. The case as brought by the woman was clear, so much so that the opinion was the young man would plead guilty and thus avoid the publicity of a trial. This he did not do, however, and at the end of the trial the magistrate inflicted a fine of ten dollars.

This kind of case is not so very rare here or elsewhere, perhaps. It is remarkable only in this, that the young man is a prominent official of the Halifax fire department, and that it affords an opportunity to the city fathers to show whether they are prepared to make fish of one member of the department and fowl of another. The board is not slow to order dismissal or suspension if a poor private gets drunk, or otherwise misconducts himself. What in the light of past action, will they do when an officer is dealt with by the court as was the one in question?

Enjoying Themselves.

Numerous picnics, private and public leave the city daily for a day's outing and curious incidents, sensational and otherwise are recorded. One of the most startling occurred to a lady who had taken her two children to one of these events during the week. She intended returning on the first boat that left the pleasure ground. Several of her friends knew this and when they saw her little boy aged four on the boat naturally enough thought his mother was on board also. She was not however; and a very anxious hour she spent in looking for the child. A great commotion was caused among the picnic party when the announcement was made that the little fellow was drowned. After a lengthy search had been made some one suddenly remembered that they had seen him go on board the boat. After due investigation Willie was located and the excitement subsided.

Sunday in Halifax.

HALIFAX, July 8.—There was a scene out the St. Margaret's Bay road on Sunday in which three or four of the best known and fastest young men about town figured prominently and in an undesirable light. Some of them were wheel and others had gone out in teams. The ardent was indulged in without stint. The consequence was that they forgot to respect each others rights as to their respective means of locomotion, and the end was a knockout fight in which as a matter of course rest-d with the heavier and stronger of two pugilists.

They Have Found a Pastor.

HALIFAX, July 8.—It has not taken St. Paul's long to secure a successor to Rev. Dyson Hague, but then the vestry had an easy task. They merely went back to the man—Rev. W. J. Amstange, of St. Catherine's, Ont., who could have had the position seven years ago, and at whose solicitation Rev. Mr. Hague decided to accept a call. The salary is \$2,500 per annum. By the way, Rev. Mr. Hague in resigning and going as a professor to Wyckville, takes a lower salary than he had at St. Paul's and harder work besides.

The Last Benlah Sunday.

The last Sunday of the Benlah Camp meeting will be tomorrow and the excursion steamer of the Star line which leaves Indiantown at nine o'clock should be well patronized. The tickets there and return are so reasonable, and the trip and locality so pleasant, that further inducements should not be necessary to secure a large number but in addition the services on the grounds are of an interesting character and of a varied nature, calculated to interest all who go.

Undervalued Made, Re-covered, Regained
Dunes, 17 Waterloo.

HER LIFE A TRIUMPH.

CHARLOTTE WOLTER'S STORY OF SUCCESS ON THE STAGE.

After Hard Beginnings She Sprang Into a Career of Honor and Achievement Unprecedented in the Modern History of the Vienna Stage—Baptized in her "Iphigenia" Roles.

Charlotte Wolter was an actress whose career had been unique in one respect. Great as her talents were, she was known to few countries but those in which her native tongue was spoken. When she died in Vienna, a short time ago, the citizens of the Austrian capital honored her as she deserved. Throughout the long illness which preceded her death she was the object of a solicitude which few artists have ever inspired. Daily the Emperor of Austria sent a messenger to inquire after her condition, and from the rest of the court as well as from the world of art and letters in Austria and Germany she received inquiries and tributes. She died after a distressing and painful illness, and she was beyond the appreciation of interest or respect long before the end came. But the tributes to her were no less cordial or earnest for that reason.

She had remained always among her own people. The golden days of her career were devoted to the Vienna public, by which she was adopted as soon as her genius showed itself. She was never allowed to travel far from the stage of the Holburg Theatre in Vienna after she had once established her position there. She resped the reward of this in her last days, and the people who had loved her and her devotion to them mourned her with a sincerity which even an artist of her eminence rarely creates. The dignity of her life as well as her great talents had endeared her to the people which had adopted her. For she was not an Austrian by birth, but a German.

Charlotte Wolter was born in Cologne on May 1, 1834, and she was born in surroundings which gave no promise of a brilliant career for her. Her parents were not wealthy, and, like many an actress before her, the turning point in her life came when, at the age of 10, she was first taken to the theatre. She is said to have inherited from her parents nothing more than an invincible power of will and a splendid confidence in her ability to accomplish what she set out to do. But these characteristics of her family held her in good stead, even through years of discouraging and nearly hopeless struggles. For she was one of the geniuses who reached fame only after the trials of severity and every other trial of an unhappy youth.

Vienna was the centre of German stage art when she resolved to become an actress, and she reached there when a girl of 16. She had determined that her best opportunities were to be found there. She found an actress who had confidence enough in the girl's talents to instruct her gratuitously during a few months. The young aspirant had some serious obstacles to overcome. She spoke German with a strong Rhenish accent and a harsh, unmodulated voice, and it was characteristic of her perseverance that she solved this difficulty so completely as to become famous later for the beauty of her voice. In 1857, when she was 23 years old, her first opportunity for an engagement came, and she appeared in Budapest as Jane Eyre, Deborah, and Marie Stuart. But the manager soon found that she was unable to pay any of his actors, and the debutante was compelled in the greatest need to join a company of strolling players travelling through the small Hungarian towns. After months of this wretched life, she was able to get back again to Vienna. She was then engaged at the Carl Theatre there for \$20 a month.

There she gave no sign of her great talents. She played the smallest roles, and her thin, childish voice was one of the bars to her progress. She was then beautiful in a girlish, virginal, way, and she seems to have owed her presence in the company chiefly to this fact. But it was here that the first opportunities came to her and she was luckily "discovered." The man who first detected the signs of great talents in the pale, spirituelle looking girl was Director Laube, one of the famous managers of the Holburg Theatre, and he tells this story of the impression she made on him.

"I had gone to the Carl Theatre to see a little play I did not know. A girl in a gray silk dress came on the stage. I did not know her and she made an impression on me. 'Who is that?' I asked. 'I do not see how that is important,' my friend answered. 'She acts very badly.' 'Well, possibly she does,' I admitted, but I stood up involuntarily in the box to see her better. 'She has a certain something about her, though,' I said. I had received the impression of her striking beauty and of a certain power, a very unusual power, as well. I learned that she had attracted no

attention from anybody, and at my request she came to me. A long conversation strengthened me in my judgment of her abilities and I became convinced that she was adapted to a tragic role. The result of our conversation was the agreement that she should go to some theatre in the provinces and undertake such a role. I was to go there and see her. She went to Brunn, but when the time came I was not able to leave Vienna. So a critical friend of mine, the only one who had ever taken any interest in her talents, went to see her and he told me on his return that our hopes had been justified.

Fraulein Wolter played Adrienne Lecouvreur at Brunn and undertook other roles there with great success. She was then only a little over 21, and when she had finished her Gastspiel there Berlin grew enthusiastic over her performance of Hermione and took credit to itself for having discovered a genius which Vienna had refused to recognize. She was then engaged for three years in Hamburg, but the Holburg Theatre at Vienna was her ambition, and she was dissatisfied with any recognition of her powers which did not lead her in that direction. Soon after she had signed the contract with the Hamburg manager she went to Vienna to play a brief engagement as guest, which means merely as an outsider acting with the regular company, at the Holburg Theatre.

Vienna, which had been slow to appreciate her genius when it had struggled against unfavorable opportunities at the Carl Theatre, acclaimed Wolter in her new sphere, and a bitter struggle began for the possession of her talents. Finally the Hamburg manager declared with tears in his eyes that he would not stand in the actress's future, and the height of her youthful ambition was reached when she was engaged at the Holburg Theatre for six years. She was then only 28 years old, and success after the first bitter struggles of her youth had come to her rapidly, and her years of service at the theatre were full of honor and glory. In 1874 she was married to the Count O'Sullivan de Gras, who was then Secretary to the Belgian Ambassador at Vienna, and from that time she was announced on the theatre programmes as Frau Wolter. She travelled occasionally in Germany, and her visits to the cities of the country were always triumphant. She played in her long career at the Holburg Theatre 127 roles, and they cover nearly the whole field of the classical German drama and the modern drama of France as well. Her appearances at the theatre numbered 2,109.

One of the roles which she did not have there was Camille, and this she undertook but once, and then at a charitable performance. The last part she ever played was the mother in Filippi's drama 'The Thorny Path,' and her last appearance on the stage took place on June 23, 1896. Among the Shakespearian parts she had acted were Cleopatra, Lady Macbeth, Corcoran, Margaret of Anjou, and Volturna.

At the outset of her career she confined herself chiefly to the heavy German tragedies, but later began to act with as much success in the modern French repertoire. For nearly thirty five years she played in the company of the Imperial Theatre, and there was not an honor that could have been bestowed on an actress that was not given to her. The Emperor decorated her with the Golden cross and Crown of Honor in 1876, and when she celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of her first appearance on the stage of the Holburg Theatre he sent her a diamond bracelet ornamented with his initials and the imperial crown. The Emperor, with most of the royal family, attended the performance of Grillparzer's 'Sappho,' in which Frau Wolter played the role. Sovereigns of German states in which she had acted bestowed substantial honors on her, and the Austrian Cabinet on one occasion presented to her a memorial in honor of 'distinguished artistic efforts.' The critics of the long period during which she was occupied on the stage of the Holburg Theatre all admitted that her influence there was of a most elevating and exalted kind in its effects on the artistic atmosphere of the institution.

Vienna no longer ranks as it did at the outset of Charlotte Wolter's career. The decentralization of the empire that has reduced the importance of the Austrian capital in nearly every way has not been without its influence on the artistic life of the community. Berlin is today more active, in a dramatic way than Vienna, but during the height of Charlotte Wolter's career the Holburg Theatre was the pre-dominating institution in German theatricals. Her place was at the head of its company of actors, and she in a large measure dominated its achievements, although for many years surrounded by artists nearly as good as she was.

The actress had passed for many years the winter months in her apartment in Vienna, but leaving that in the early spring for her beautiful villa in the outskirts of the town. During her husband's life this was a gathering place for all the notables in the artistic world of Austria, and she lived here in luxury, surrounded by everything that the homage of her friends and the appreciation of royalty could give to make her life delightful. Here she applied herself to the study of her roles, and she was said that in her villa at Hiesing this was the pleasantest task she could attempt. In the summer she went to her country place, Weissenbach, and here her particular enjoyment was the care of her swans—the 'Wolter swans,' they were called by the country people in the region, who regard them almost as sacred birds. Her husband was never known to be out of his regular seat in the Holburg Theatre whenever his

wife played. He was a man of wealth with a passion for paintings, and he was able to gratify his taste to its full extent. Makart the artist was his friend and he painted the actress as Messalina, and selected her as his model for Cleopatra. It is said by her friends that she never fully recovered from the grief of her husband's death in 1888. The actress had for several years before her death suffered from a severe form of kidney disease, which compelled her to retire for short periods. When, after one of these intervals, she was able to reappear, about three years ago, and it was believed she would never be seen again, the enthusiasm which greeted her surpassed anything ever known before in the history of the Holburg Theatre. After that she appeared from time to time until late in June, 1896. Her illness then grew worse, and the lingering months that preceded her death were full of agony. The still living of one of her brothers, who is suffering in Boulogne, attended her during all this time, and to her went the bulk of the actress's fortune which amounted to about \$200,000.

In accordance with her own request, the actress was buried in the white and gold robe she had worn as Iphigenia. The room in which she lay was hung with white draperies and flowers, and no symbol of mourning was shown in it. Adele Sandroch has succeeded her as the leading actress of the Holburg Theatre. Already she has received nearly fifty letters threatening her with death if she attempts to appear in any of the roles made famous by the beloved Wolter.—Vienna Times.

N. S. PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION.

GRADE GUERNSEYS AND GRAPES UNDER GLASS TO RECEIVE PRIZES.

A Premium List of Nearly \$10,000 is Further Increased.

To the largest prize list ever offered at any Exhibition in the Maritime provinces, some important additions have been made. On page 57 of the published prize list has been added the following:

- CLASS 38 A—GRADE GUERNSEYS. Section 1—Cow, four years old and up wards, 1st, \$15; 2nd, \$10; 3rd, \$8. Section 2—Cow, three years old, 1st, \$12; 2nd, \$8; 3rd, \$6. Section 3—Heifer, two years old, 1st, \$10; 2nd, \$6; 3rd, \$4. Section 4—Heifer, one year old, 1st, \$8; 2nd, \$5; 3rd, \$3. Section 5—Heifer calf under one year, 1st, \$6; 2nd, \$4; 3rd, \$2.

FRUITS. On page 115 of the prize list in section 1, "special country prizes," exhibitors may show their fruits or berries on plates, or preserved in jars.

On page 121 of the prize list after section 109 the following is added: Grapes (under glass) best 2 bunches.

- BLACK. Section 109 (a)—Black Hamburg, 1st, \$2.50; 2nd, \$2; 3rd, \$1. (b) Black Prince, \$2.50, \$2, \$1. (c) Any other variety, \$2.50, \$2, \$1.

- RED. Section 109 (d)—Grizzly Frontignac, 1st, \$2.50; 2nd, \$2; 3rd, \$1. (e) Red Chasselas, \$2.50, \$2, \$1. (f) And other variety, \$2.50, \$2, \$1.

- WHITE. (g) Duchess Bachelough, 1st, \$2.50; 2nd, \$2; 3rd, \$1. (h) Golden Chasselas, \$2.50, \$2, \$1. (i) Royal Muscadine, \$2.50, \$2, \$1. (k) Any other variety, \$2.50, \$2, \$1.

CORRECTION. On page 170 in "Speed Department," section 11, 2.30 should read 2.20.

INDIAN LANGUAGES GOING.

Difficulty Already in Finding Indians to Speak Them.

"Like the buffalo, the Indian language will soon be lost forever," explained a gentleman who, under the auspices of the Smithsonian, has devoted a number of years to the study and preservation of the Indian language. "It was thought that the Indian language could be preserved by the aid of the phonograph and graphophone, and parties were sent out to many Indian tribes to have them talk into the apparatus and thus secure a record of the Indian tongue.

"It was found, however, that but few Indians of the present day, and they were the older ones could talk a pure tongue. More than one half of the Indians now on the reservations, and this is the case with all of the younger Indians, converse in English. It is not good English, but it is the kind they speak, a kind of pigeon English. I had the work of securing some Cherokee talk, and in doing so talked with a dozen or more leading Cherokees.

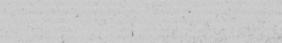
"They admitted to me that they did not know one Cherokee who could speak pure Cherokee. They said it was with the greatest difficulty that they could get the

"THE BEST SUMMER CLIMATE IN AMERICA."

Reports have been reaching us daily from all quarters of motorists and great praise from heat, and all the while we have been enjoying deliciously cool weather.

Add to the climate lofty ceilings, perfect ventilation, and the best courses of business and shorthand instruction obtainable in Canada, and you have the reason for the success of our summer classes. Catalogues mailed to any address.

No Summer vacation. Students can enter at any time.



Royal Gordon... 10 Years Old—the Perfect Scotch Whisky. Royal Gordon Perfection... 15 Years Old—the very oldest and finest Whisky shipped from Scotland. McINTYRE & TOWNSEND, St. John, N. B., SOLE AGENTS FOR CANADA.

Hammocks... Two important facts in connection with our line of these goods: 1st. The price is considerably less than last year. 2nd. The quality and styles are rather better. For instance, a medium size Hammock with Spreader, in a variety of colors, at 70 cts.; a larger one 90 cts.; with spreader and pillow, from \$1.10 up.

EMERSON & FISHER. 75 Prince William Street. P. S.—We have sold a great many REFRIGERATORS this season, even if the weather is backward. It must be the price that is so fascinating.

boys and girls to speak in their native tongue at all, or to learn even the commonest words or phrases. I arranged with a half dozen Cherokees, however, and secured their services to talk into the machines, and have thus got some pretty good Cherokee, but I know enough about the language myself to know that it is very imperfect Indian.

Writers Wanted. I want a reliable person in each town to do plain writing at home during spare time. I want earnest young men and women to come here and fit for business. Write me. Snell's Business College, Truro, N. S.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS. Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 35 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

BOYS AND GIRLS—You can earn a Nickel Plated Watch and Chain in a day or two, by selling Cabinet Jubilee Portraits of Queen Victoria, and other articles for us at ten cents each. State your father's occupation and we will mail the goods. No money required. MANUFACTURERS AGENCY CO., Toronto.

WANTED—Half and Six Cent Jubilee Stamps, for which we will pay thirteen cents. A. F. HADLAND & CO., 39 Leader Lane, Toronto.

AGENTS FOR OUR NEW MARVELOUS AGENTS—Transforming sign; nothing like it; pays big money; saleable to all merchants. Address SPECIALTY CO., 24 Adelaide Street, East, Toronto.

A CHANCE! We offer for sale our COMPLETE MODERN STUDIO QUIET, for making Photos any size up to 8 x 10, almost new and everything first class. A chance for a Photographer or anyone wanting to start in a good paying business, to the latter we can give complete practical instruction in Modern Photography, by our methods easy and simple for any one, address the ROBERTSON PHOTO SUPPLY COMPANY 94 Germain St. John, N. B.

WANTED—Old established wholesale House wants one or two houses and in Broadway at East Railway for a business and a hustler about \$12,000 a week to start with. DRAYN 29, Brantford, Ont.

WANTED—Young men and women to help in the Armenian cause. Good pay. Write me, free, to any who write. Rev. T. S. Linscott, Brantford, Ont.

WANTED—RELIABLE MERCHANTS in each town to handle our waterproof Cold Water Paint. Five million pounds sold in United States last year. VICTOR KOPFOD, 49 Francis Xavier, Montreal.

RESIDENCE—At Rosheary for sale or to rent pleasant residence known as the Tins property about one and a half miles from Rosheary Station and within two minutes walk of the Kennebec Falls. Rent reasonable. Apply to H. G. Fensley, Barrister-at-Law, Fugate Building, 26 6th

Notice of Sale. To George A. Beckett and to all others whom it doth, shall or may concern. THERE will be sold at Public Auction, at Clubb's Corner (so called), in the City of Saint John, in the County and County of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, on Saturday, the TWENTY-FOURTH day of JULY next,

at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon, under and by virtue of a power of sale in a certain Indenture of Mortgage, made the sixth day of October, A. D. 1890, between one William A. Beckett, of the one part, and the undersigned Annie Short, of the other part, and duly recorded in the office of the Registrar of Deeds in and for Kings County, by the No. 45, 585, in Book Y, No. 4, pages 283, 284, 285, 286 and 287 of Records, the 25th day of November, A. D. 1891, default having been made in the payment of the principal moneys and interest secured by the said Indenture of Mortgage:

"ALL that parcel of land situate in the Parish of Greenwich, in the County of Kings, on the north west side of the Long Reach (so called), bounded as follows: On the south east by the main highway road and by the water of the Mistake Cove; on the south west by the side line of the said lot and by lands owned by James L. Flewelling, thence north westerly by said line until it strikes the line of lands owned by Nancy Paisley; on the north west by lands owned by the said Nancy Paisley, thence north easterly by the said line until it strikes the north easterly line of the said lot and lands owned by James F. Paisley, and bounded on the north east by lands owned by the said James Paisley and George Inch, thence running south easterly by said line until it strikes the water of the before named Mistake Cove, with the exception of a certain lot needed to the Trustees of Schools for the Parish of Greenwich and a certain other lot needed to the Baptist Church for burial places; together with all and singular the buildings, fences and improvements thereon, and the rights, members, privileges, hereditaments and appurtenances to the said lands and premises belonging or in anywise appurtenant.

Dated at the City of Saint John aforesaid, this fifteenth day of June, A. D. 1897.

Witness: AMON A. WILSON, Mortgagee. ANNIE SHORT, Mortgagee. BUSTIN & POBET, Solicitors, Clubb's Corner, St. John, N. B. GEORGE W. GEBOW, Auctioneer.

Sheriff's Sale. THERE will be sold at Public Auction, at Clubb's Corner (so called), in the City of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, on Monday, the 13th day of September next, at the hour of fifteen minutes after twelve o'clock in the afternoon:

All the estate, right, title and interest of THE CENTRAL RAILWAY COMPANY in and to all that part of the Southern Division of the Central Railway, commencing at the late section of the said Central Railway with the dividing line of the Counties of Kings and the City and County of Saint John, as near or about McPhee Station (so called), on said Southern Division, and thence running in a southerly direction through the parish of Saint Martin, in said City and County of Saint John, to the terminus of the said Southern Division of the said Central Railway, at the village of Saint Martins in the parish aforesaid, the Road and Highway of said Railway, having a uniform width of one hundred feet, and being about twelve miles in length, together with the Road, Roadbed, Right of way, Rails, Ties, Sidings, Turntables, Telephone Lines and appurtenances, Building Privileges, Casements, Property trees and appurtenances, in any belonging or appurtenant to the said Southern Division of the said Central Railway.

The same having been levied on and seized by me the undersigned Sheriff on and under an execution out of The Supreme Court against the said Central Railway Company at the suit of Edward W. Clark, Senior, J. Colton, Junior, E. Walter Clark, Junior, C. Howard Clark, Junior, and Milton Colton. Dated this first day of June, A. D., 1897. H. LAWRENCE STURDIE, Sheriff of the City and County of St. John. R. L. B. TWEEDIE, Plaintiff's Attorney.

Music and The Drama

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Music lovers have in prospect for next week, an entertainment of more than ordinary interest. The event referred to will be the most important and attractive to the musical portion of the community in the fact that it will mark the debut of Miss Helen Furlong of this city, as a violin soloist. This young lady possesses much musical talent and as she has had the privilege of study under some of the best of teachers, it is already a foregone conclusion that her debut will be a charming success. In connection with the occasion a general concert programme will be supplied by a number of other ladies and gentlemen of the city, among whom may now be mentioned Mr. J. S. Ford. The mere mention of the event and an intimation of the talent that will participate in the pleasure of the evening by contributing to the programme, ought to be enough to fill the Mechanics' Institute to its capacity. The recital will take place next Thursday evening.

The fact that Madame Marie Harrison, whose voice has been frequently heard in concerts in this city and who for some time past has been studying in Paris under the famous teacher Madame Marchesi, has returned to Canada, is made public in a Hamilton Ontario paper of recent date. It is said that her voice has been "wonderfully improved" since she went to France, and it is probable the remark is literally true. There ought to be, and most likely will be a special and a general demand among Canadians to hear this lady sing again in this country. By the way in a recent issue of The Musical Courier, and in what appears to be a contributed article on the subject of Madame Harrison, and the concerts and musicals she had appeared at in London, it is stated that she will make a concert tour of Canada, this autumn. It is proposed too in pursuance of this project, that she will follow the route taken by Madame Albani in her tour of the Dominion. In the event of this proposition taking material form, Madame Harrison will be heard again in this city before a long time has elapsed.

The many friends of Mr. A. M. Smith ("Fred") formerly of this city and whose valuable bass voice has been heard in concert here times without number, will be pleased to read that he is now in New York where he is meeting with much business success. He is the same lover of music he always was, and consistently keeps his voice in good form. This department returns him thanks for an official souvenir programme of the nineteenth annual convention of the music teachers National association held at Grand Central Palace, New York June 24 to 28 inclusive. A perusal of the publication is apt to excite a feeling akin to envy of those who were privileged to attend the concerts. However next best to enjoying something oneself is to know that a friend has had the enjoyment.

Courtesies have been received from the Misses Bruce and Wetmore for their concert given on Wednesday evening last at Moncton. The affair was a success, as the ability of those young ladies would well justify.

The many friends and admirers of Miss Jessie Gordon Forbes are pleased to know she has returned home from the west where she has been prosecuting her musical studies.

The Princess Beatrice of England has composed a cantata which will be sung during the coming winter, in all probability at Windsor.

A son of Mascagni is manifesting much aptitude for the violin. The lad is but 8 years of age and is a pupil in the Rossini Academy of Pesro.

The libretto of Wagner's "The return of Bonaparte" has recently been set to music by Kienzi the composer of "Der Evangelistmann." The piece dates back to 1840.

A company of Egyptian singers is preparing for a performance in the Arabic tongue of the opera "L'Africaine." The production will be given in Alexandria under the direction of a competent conductor.

The 1600th performance of "Mascotte" was given in Paris recently at the Gaiety theatre.

"La Dame Blanche" was first produced about 50 years ago, and up to a recent date it has been given sixteen hundred times.

A three act opera entitled "Perdita" has recently made a success at Prague. It is by a Joseph Nevers.

Liege, it is said has been remarkable

for the large number of famous violinists whose birthplace it is. Thomson, Ysaye, Musin, Massart, Marsick, Leonard, Gerardy and others. Vieuxtemps was born at Verviers, a few miles from Liege. A son of Sir. William F. Robinson, a British Colonial governor, it is said, will enter the musical profession. Sir. William is known to possess much musical talent.

Mme. Blanche Marchesi, the daughter of the world famous teacher has been singing in London. It is said of her voice that it lacks warmth, sympathy, and that charm which finds its way into the heart of the uncultured as well as the cultured listener. "Diarmid" the new opera by the Marquis of Lorne and Hamish McCunn will be produced next October at Covent Garden by the Carl Rosa Company.

A famous Italian military concert organization is coming to the United States by special permission of the King of Italy. It is called the "Banda Rossa," and consists of 65 artists and 19 soloists. A Miss Clara Stubenrauch who is called a "phenomenal girl violinist" will accompany them. They will make a tour of the United States. Under direction of Maestro Sarcutino they will open on October 15th, next at Metropolitan Opera house, New York.

It is now said that Madame Nordica and Jean De Reszke have become reconciled. The "hat-het is buried" and they have agreed to let the "dead past bury its dead." Madame Nordica is reported to be yet quite ill at her apartments in the Hotel Savoy London.

The programme of Mr. Zich's first orchestral concert at Keith's theatre last Monday was as follows: Overture, "Martha," Flotow; Moszkowski's serenade; selections from "The Wizard of the Nile," Herbert; waltz, "España," Waldteufel.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The Miles Ideal Stock Company began their initial engagement at the Opera house here last Monday evening and scored an immense hit. The house was crowded to its utmost capacity and the impression made by every member of the company was both favorable and immediate. The young actor Mr. John E. Miles is now an established favorite and very deservedly so because his work was admirable throughout, and the play given "Michael Strogoff" being one that many in the audience had seen before, was well selected for the purpose of comparison. The young actor introduced several features in the business of the piece that had not been seen here before and they all were effective to a degree and in each instance a marked improvement.

Mr. Tavernier, Mr. Jack Tucker, Miss Williams and others alike made personal successes. The specialists were many of them new and those who contributed them again and again recalled. Mr. John E. Miles in appearance and some of his work, reminds one of Thos. E. Shea, and it is very manifest that among his many other qualities, that fit him so well for his profession, he is an expert swordsman. There is evidently, barring untoward accident—a distinguished future before him—not, I judge, very remote either. He is a close student and his articulation is clear and distinct and correspondingly pleasing. The company gives daily matinees and nightly performance and frequent change of bill; and with the specialties furnished an almost continuous performance is assured. They ought to do good business throughout their tour.

"The Dead Heart" will be revived this coming season by James O'Neill of "Monte Cristo" fame and will be placed in his repertoire. He is now also negotiating for the dramatic rights of Joseph Holland's "When Greek meets Greek." The original dramatization of this work was called "The Roll of the Drum" and Olga Netherale's production "A Daughter of France" was another version.

I learn from a friend that Thomas Wise of the Harkin's company will go with Stuart Kobson next season to play the part in a revival of "The Henrietta" in which W. H. Crane was so famous. Crane at that time was a partner of Robson. There will be other pieces produced as well.

John Drew will not appear in plays of modern life next season. He will appear in "A Marriage of Convenience," a play which is an adaptation from the elder Dumas.

Grace Huntington who was in this city as leading lady with "Bradley players" in the Institute a few years ago has sued A. C. Gunter for \$1500 for breach of contract. Miss Huntington claims to have been engaged for "A Florida Enchantment" and to have been summarily dismissed. This lady is said to be a native of this province.

W. A. Tremayne's new play will be called "By Secret Warrant" instead of "A Royal Warrant," Robert Mantell will play the star part as previously indicated.

"School" is the attraction at the Castle Square theatre, Boston, this week. "The

New South" which was the bill last week at this house gave much satisfaction. "School" will be rather a novelty. "Pique" will be given next week.

J. E. Dodson intends to star some time in the near future and for that reason he is now purchasing plays. Later on he will make a selection from among his purchases.

The death of William F. Hoey the actor is much referred to in dramatic circles and the regret is unmistakable. His widow was one of the French twin sisters formerly popular clog dancers in Tony Pastor's company. His partner, Charles Evans, married Minnie French, the other "twin."

John E. Brennan, the comedian, goes out next season with "Bonnie Scotland," playing a dialect character part. Miss Eva Westcott goes with the same company.

Washburn's circus and menagerie will be in this city next Monday. Every one wants to see the circus of course and hear the clown's funny sayings. The advance notices all speak favorably of the high character of the Washburn show, with its triple ring performance and chariot and hippodrome races. It remains here but the one day, giving two performances.

NATURE ON THE LOWER THAMES.

Incidents of Human and Animal Life on the Great River.

By the front gate of Britain, down among the great shadowy marshes that rim the Salt Thames mouth, you may see more wonders of men and nature than in any corner of the outer seas. The sullen tide was turning seaward when I dropped anchor abreast the island of Canvey—a tongue of lonely green marsh cuddled by the Essex shore. Around sprawled the desolate gray sea-swamp and creeping hez, and away to the right swelled the throbbing pulse of the lower Thames, and the black procession of men and ships swinging down on the ebb.

Slowly the shrinking tide bared long stretches of soft mud on each side of its bank, and as the current swirled eastward the leisurely shrimp fleet from Gravesend crawled down river. Presently they passed within fifty yards, a ragged, many-patched, devil-may-care horde, and the bluff leather-hided sea-tollers that manned the smacks sat and smoked stolidly, glowering out over the gray water. It is a strange band of roving ragamuffins, this fleet of shrimpers, scouring the rough tide day by day for a livelihood. Big brown sails shone in the sunlight as they soured along through the sickening ripple, and the blue jerseyed crews grunted gruffly to each other in passing. Seaward they surged, one or two steersmen singing forgotten songs of a forgotten age, in a region forgotten by all but the salt water men that pass through it.

It is a region of black work and choking, churning water, this great tideway to the outer seas. The aching toil of the tide and every hardship that taints open water breeds here. Presently an inky-sided, slag-grimed collier tore Londonward through the yellow current, skippered by a fine-looking ruffian in a wrinkled blue jersey. His teeth shone black under his rugged lips, stained with reeking 'bacca-juice, and the glint of his eye was whiter than the eyes of those who do not wallow sleeplessly night and day from the Tyne to the Lannon river and back. His iron-bearded face was scarred and battered by the roaring sea-blast that lashes the Swin, and he had not slept for three nights—perhaps four. At sea there is little but grimy, straining toil, with short time for straw hats, white ducks, and lob-scouse. These things belong to the stage sailor. In truth, you may find queerer humanity round the Nore than anywhere else in the world of men.

Punting is the most bitterly arduous of all the means of killing wild things, and calls for the greatest skill. Hence the fascination that grips the spare-clad fowler and the wealthy amateur alike, a passion that nothing can kill. Offer a poor punter employment as a yacht hand or dredger in the summer and he will accept it gratefully. But when the first keen blast whistles down from the north and the barking Brent geese and piping widgeon bear down to the marsh, as you will lose your man. He will come sheepishly forward, cap in hand, pull his bristly forelock, and tell you he must leave your service, 'for the birds is back on the salts, sir.' You may offer him yet higher wages, and point out that only the barest bread and cheese is to be earned by fowling, but he listens respectfully and sticks to his resolution. So off he goes to

wring a living from the grim old river as best he may. You cannot tame a marsh-man.

Now, the wild scream of an old curlew drifted up from the lower ooze, and overhead a team of five ducks sped northward. A knob of seven widgeon preened daintily on a tiny mud island. At a casual glance they seemed settled and comfortable, but a second look showed the open order and restless paddling that told their wild secret. The time had come for them to wing northward on the spring passage, and by the morning they would be gone. In two weeks by easy stages they would be churning the water of their old breeding-pool in Spitzbergen. So they piped querulously, and away on the green marshes some red shanks sounded their nesting notes in a sharp shrill-tyu-u, tyu-u.

The mighty procession of shipping thickened, and now a bluff nosed brig surged by sweeping the water in creamy cushions to either side. A high wind had risen from the gloomy sky to the eastward, and the listless crew were slowly recovering by stress of lashing spindrift from their last drunk'n orgie ashore. Over everything rang the deep curses of the glaring, purple faced mate, and the whinnying of the wind through tarry shrouds.

At the turn of the tide another brig bore up river, with a crew lively and eager to go ashore and let loose all the caged devilry that had simmered in them on the homeward voyage. The deep-sea sailor is a man, a very human man among the other men that the skin-cracking toil on green water he should not be condemned because he is no angel.

At night the gloomy grandeur of the lower river rolls up and grows into the weirdest of all weird emptinesses. On the Upper Thames there is the faint smell of the summer night, the tinkling banjos, and the soft glimmer of lights in dreamy water. But here on the salt marshes you have a sterner beauty. Put into Hole Haven, peer out of your cabin through the inky dark, and listen to the black tide sucking drearily through the piles that hem the sea wall, to the hoarse moan of the mighty river and the shuddering whisper of rushes in the chill wind. Far over the foggy swamps you may hear the plaintive pipe of gray plover, and all the weird spirit of the lonely dark will soak into your soul. From the mournful cry of mud-bunting whimbrels you will conjure visions of the ghosts of cut-throat smugglers and murdered revenue men, that, on the authority of the shivering islanders, walk the black sea-march when the day is dead.

One by one the winking lights split the gloom, and out in the West Swin you will see the Mouse blink and vanish warningly. Nearer, the Nore lightship silvers the black current in two long streaks, curtesying in the passage to the outer world. But it was yet light, and swinging down the Lower Hope loomed a stately, full-rigged ship, with large, dull black bows, and the gilt of the dying day on her canvas. The grand hairy ruffians who handled her so well had cast off the fussy little tug that towed them from sea dock. There was the gleam of open sea in the eyes of the tan-faced polyglot crew as she swept by, and above the quarter showed a line of pale, wistful emigrant faces—pallid fish and pleading eyes. They looked back hungrily at the fading marshes, but the great ship surged steadily ahead, and swung dimly out past the nodding Nore. It was a coking, pitiful sight common enough to all who love to haunt the shadowy marshes of the London river.

Presently a water thief sped fitfully by in his black dinghy, hailed with purple curses by the crew of an anchored stacky-barge. Needy outcasts are these 'dark seeprowers, pilfering whatever they may from unguarded vessels their hand against every man's. Nothing comes amiss to them and many a red crime has been jotted to their record. But the hungry, sobbing old river is not overtrammelled by laws.—London Daily Mail.

How A Fire Was Set.

The following suggestive paragraph about the possible way in which a fire may be started is borrowed from the New York post:

The mistress of the house was seated in the extension parlor in the afternoon, alone and perfectly quiet, when without warning, a hanging bookshelf broke from its fastenings, and slipped to the floor. On its way it struck a small table standing beneath it, and knocked over a box of matches, igniting two or three of them.

These flew off, one touching the light gauze scarf which had hung from the table, which fell blazing against the curtain near by. The frightened screams of the mistress brought a servant, and it took energetic measures on the part of the two women to extinguish the rapidly spreading fire. Had the room been unoccupied, as it had been all the morning, and would have been again fifteen minutes later, the fire department would have been needed to save the house.

The attention of our readers is directed to the Fly Pad advertisement in this issue. The manufacturers claim that each ten cent packet will kill more flies than three hundred sheets of sticky paper costing fifteen dollars.

The genuine Fly Pads are made only by Archdale Wilson & Co., Hamilton, and housekeepers are cautioned against unscrupulous imitations which are offered by some dealers.

ONE OUT ALL OUT.

He Had Never Handled a Bat: But He Liked the Minister.

The Golden Penn, an English magazine has a story of an English butcher and the English game of cricket.

A young curate, an enthusiast at the game, set himself to organize a cricket team in the country parish to which he had been lately appointed. The only available field was one owned by a butcher, a good-hearted but quick tempered man, who had never handled a bat, but was well disposed toward the new minister.

When a committee, headed by the curate, waited upon him, he responded in the most generous manner. Lead his field! Of course he would. More than that, he would join the club and take a hand in a game now and then.

The curate was taken a little aback, but could not do less than express his pleasure and the butcher was duly enrolled as a member of the club.

By and by, after a little practice, the club arranged a "scratch match," among themselves, and on hearing of it, the butcher at once declared his intention of being present and taking a share in the contest. As he was the owner of the field, it seemed courteous to put him in first.

He was a little uncertain what to do with his bat, but on being told that he was to hit the ball, he said that it was all it was easy enough. The curate first took up the bowling, and the butcher had the honor of the opening over.

The first ball sent the leg-stump flying, and in recovering from the momentum of a tremendous swipe, the batsman himself knocked down the other two. He took no notice, but shaped for the next ball.

"You can't play any more!" said the umpire. "You are out."

"What?" said the butcher. "You are out," said the umpire. "What's that?" said the butcher. "You're out!" yelled the fielders, in explanation. "It means that you can't play any more."

"Oh, is that it?" replied the butcher. "Yes," said the fielders. "I can't play any more!" said the butcher, looking round angrily.

"No," replied the fielders. "I am out, am I?" "Yes!" yelled the fielders. "Then out of my field, every blessed one of you!" roared the butcher. And out they had to go!

They Are Funny.

What funny people folks are! Bodge and Doigs meet. Bodge—"Hello! what's the news?"

Dodge—"Don't hear a thing; what is the latest thing with you?"

Bodge—"Nothing new. By the way we had quite a fire down our way last night. Three persons killed and half a dozen injured."

Dodge—"So? That reminds me that there was a collision on the Ruston & Gapper railroad a little while ago. Quite a number killed, I hear."—Boston Transcript.

HUMPHREYS' CURES

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Dr. Humphrey's Homeopathic Manual of Diseases at your Druggists or Mailed Free. Sold by druggists, or sent on receipt of 50c. Note, or \$1. Humphrey's Med. Co., Cor. William and John Sts., New York.

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Coleman's SALT CELEBRATED DAIRY, HOUSEHOLD AND FARM PROMPT SHIPMENT GUARANTEED CANADA SALT ASSOCIATION CLINTON, ONT.

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR

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Progress is a Sixteen Page Paper, published every Saturday, from its new quarters, 29 to 31 Canterbury street, St. John, N. B. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

The Circulation of this paper is over 13,000 copies; is double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section.

Remittances should always be made by Post Office Order or Registered Letter. The former is preferred, and should be made payable in every case to EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher.

All Letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply. Manuscripts from other than regular contributors should always be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 10.

OUR STRANGE HABIT.

A new England scientist, Dr. C. A. STEPHENS, a graduate of Boston University Medical School and a member of many learned bodies, makes an announcement that is rather startling, to say the least, and in direct contradiction to all divine and human teaching. He says that death is largely due to habit and that thought may determine human existence. Dr. STEPHENS says he is confident that the progress of brain science will enable mankind successfully to overcome decay and its climax, death. He points out that matter is indestructible and that the law of the universe is immortality. He believes that death at three score and ten or thereabouts is largely a matter of belief and habit. Generation after generation is born into the world, expecting to die at a certain time, and it dies then. He very forcibly points out that if children were brought up with the idea of living forever this altered expectation would gradually but surely extend the life limit in the course of generations.

The doctor says that the achievement of modern special education, which enables the deaf to hear with their eyes, and tones up relaxed vocal chords, which brings it to pass that the blind see with their fingers, taken in connection with the great longevity of ancient races, as described in the Old Testament, and as authenticated in monuments, shows that unusual length of life has been a fait accompli of history, and suggests that the determination of life length is possibly and practically within the domain of thought.

As humanity in its physiological expression is wholly a compromise with perfection Dr. STEPHENS argues, better food selection and a more watchful outlook against the introduction of foreign and inorganic material into the system cannot help increasing the life potential of each unit of the race.

Dr. STEPHENS holds that what is known as 'soul' is merely call experience, the knowledge acquired by cells, collectively and individually, during years of hereditary transmission. This view is the same held by Sir WILLIAM THOMSON and THOS. A. EDISON. He points out that father and child, death and life, generation after generation, are not the ideals of human society but only its makeshifts. Immortal life is the real aim in view, and he believes it will be achieved in time.

The receipts of Paris theatres are carefully collated under government direction, and at the close of the theatrical season it is always possible to tell what the receipts have been, not only of all the theatres and concert halls collectively, but of each. General business in Paris during the late theatrical year has not been good, yet the receipts of the theatres for the season just closed were \$6,000,000 the highest since the Exposition year, 1889, where they reached \$2,000,000 francs. Six millions expended in a year for theatrical amusements is a considerable sum—a larger sum perhaps, than any other city can show for theatrical and operatic amusements exclusively. The ordinary receipts of London theatres and music halls are usually in excess of £1,000,000 or \$7,000,000, but the amount derived from theatres alone is probably less in London than in Paris. In Paris, in gross receipts the Grand Opera comes first, the Comedie Francaise second, the Opera Comique third and among the remaining six the patronage is about equally distributed. The question is often why in hard times theatres prosper more than other business. Why is it that when people are stinted for other expenses they have money for theatres? When business

is not good, labor poorly required, and capital partially unemployed, theatrical performances of a light and diverting character flourish and serious performances are neglected. Bad times are good for light entertainment and SHAKESPEARE spells bankruptcy unless during great commercial activity. The only adequate explanation of this is that when times are bad the atreagoers go to the play for diversion, whereas when times are good they go for instruction. Shakespearean revivals have usually proved most successful in times of prosperity and burlesque and farce in time of depression.

Mrs. BRADLEY MARTIN was not invited to the Duchess of Devonshire's fancy dress ball, and the poor woman has had to stand the additional agony of seeing the snub chronicled in every paper of any importance in North America. After all there was not so much difference between last week's event and Mrs. BRADLEY MARTIN's ball, only perhaps English papers and English clergymen had a little more common sense and good taste than had those individuals who made the American lady's ball so famous. The Duchess of Devonshire's ball, however, brought together both the aristocrat and the plutocrat. The descriptions we have had of it revealed most strikingly, the characteristics of this modern world, in which materialism and mammon worship are temporarily lords of the ascendant. The women, whether aristocratic or plebeian, seemingly had but a single aim—namely, to display diamonds and to outshine in dress and jewels all attempts at rivalry. Money bags and diamonds, in fact, were enthroned and triumphant. In the days of Georgians, Duchess of Devonshire, an assembly at Chatworth would have numbered among its guests men of grace and renown and women whose lips, more persuasive than those of Fox himself, had carried the Westminster election against Palace and Treasury. But we are living in an age of speculators and promoters—an age in which money and pleasure take the lead. And at the present Duchess of Devonshire's ball, as it to remind the world that Christianity is no great impediment to irregular and capricious social enjoyment, two of the ladies vied with each other in representing Cleopatra, the mistress successively of Julius Caesar and Mark Antony!

The festivities attendant upon the CABOT celebration recently held in Halifax gives the military city one point ahead of St. John social circles.

While we don't want any of Boston's weather just now, we would be glad to sample a traid of the good old-fashioned sunny days.

The hot wave was prophesied several days ago as moving in this direction; the nice mild wave arrived instead.

Nearly every youngster in town had money to burn on Dominion day.

The American Eagle devoted two days of the past week to screaming.

The man who didn't know it was loaded is due.

Doctors and undertakers are on the qui vive.

The weather man promises a hot time.

A Fuss About Nothing.

The commotion raised by the exaggerated and untruthful account sent to the United States of the flag incident at the Victoria hotel has about died out, but those visitors who do mention it at all uphold the proprietor in the action he took upon that occasion. The Victoria has never been backward in extending the utmost courtesy to the flag of Canada's neighbors, and it is absurd to say that there was any feeling in his action on Jubilee day.

Shakespearean Recital.

The recital of Shakespeare's King Henry The Third, by Mr. George B. Williams of New York, which occurs Tuesday evening July 20th, in Orpheus Hall, Halifax, will be given under very distinguished patronage, and gives promise of being an event quite out of the ordinary. Mr. Williams, who will summer in the province, expects to visit the principal cities, and may probably be heard in St. John at an early date, as the arrangements for his appearance are all but completed.

Prince Edward Island.

Among the many guide books received is one from P. E. Island issued by the Examiner Publishing Co., of Charlottetown. The many points of interest on the Island are interestingly written about, and beautifully illustrated with numerous half tone engravings. The book is much more interesting than the average guide book, and will without doubt attract much attention to the Island as a pleasant place in which to escape the oppressive heat of summer.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

In the old Swamp Lane.
O bright wings in the old swamp lane,
O tall flag blooms in blue;
Our bare feet scamper back again,
To spend the day with you.
The rushes straighten up and look,
As beautiful in green,
In that old spot beside the brook,
As when we were thirteen.
Our feet were splashing, paddling round,
When that huge fly came near;
And then you Lix with skip and bound,
Laughed out in seeming fear.
Your feet were like a hily's face,
Your dark eyes danced with glee;
O would that we in that dear place,
Were as we loved to be.
That dragon fly I see it yet,
About the blue flag dar;
And shimmer in its blossoms wet,
With ever shifting art.
As quick as fire a lightning flash,
Above your shining head,
Poised for another sudden dash,
To some new flower bed.
And round the pond rim smooth as glass,
With bare legs wading out;
The same swift needs leved to pass,
And makè us dodge about,
There you behind me forced to creep,
To shun his rapid flight;
For ever on his restless sweep,
And off a leech in sight.
That blue flag was our pledge of love,
Until that fateful fly;
Came darting through the blue above,
And heard our last good bye.
Your thoughts were most for lilies fine;
And roses best and true;
But sweet far than all to mine,
My charming rose was you.
I'm here again today sweet friend,
The same bold trout has led;
About the place my footstep's wend,
But now no longer glad.
The blue flag flowers bloom the same,
And dashing too and fro;
As when long years ago we came,
The bright green dragons go.
The sweet zones of the barefoot child,
The bright eyes are no more;
The winds among the blossoms wild,
Speak sadly to the shore.
And over in the pine tree's shade,
Near by the quiet old town,
I think where one dear grave was made,
There would I too lie down.
CYPRIUS GOLDS.
Old Swamp Lane, July 1897.

The Old-Time Circus.
The circus thirty years ago was better far than now;
That elephant was a wonder just to see!
I could watch him half a day
As he led himself with bay;
And each separate beast was worth the price to me,
Never did we see half so funny; never monkeys half so droll;
All the tamed was pure metal than to me;
Every acrobat, amusing; every rider, simply great;
And that small trap so man—what a man was he!
And when the woman sang, "We Parted by the Riverside,"
And "You'll Not Forget," and "You'll Remember Me."
She was really so pathetic
That I wiped my eyes and cried;
I wanted to take her home with me;
The show we see in these days are never half so fine;
The cost of tickets often bothers me;
Though the man still cracks his whip,
And the clown seems pretty flip,
There is nothing much I care to hear or see.
Thoughts of business, taxes, losses; rheumatism,
Other crosses.
All comes to make the circus seem quite old;
I no longer love the songstress, with her paint and trills and flirts;
I no longer want to take her home, at that!
But I'd like to see the old-time show of thirty years ago.
When I were no point of shoes—my feet were bare;
When lemonade was not a treat;
And parents were a joy;
That old show without a worry or a care,
From the Pueblo Post.

The Last.
Ah, not the first love do I regret—but the last.
(So? Who can tell?)
The tides of youth, dear heart, run fast, run fast,
The buds upon the young tree shoot and swell,
Reckless of frost, well! Well!
Why should we dwell on follies that are past?
For now, behold, the green and callow shoots
Of early spring
As they start with rido to the very roots.
They were Love's first faint perfumed offering
Taking swift wing,
Leaving a fragrant memory, but no fruits.
Let us not speak of them with smiling scorn.
For the rich bloom and fruitage later born,
And born of spirit rather than of clay,
Making our day.
Glad with the freshness of perpetual morn.
Eternal? Dear, let us believe it so,
And in our bliss
Let all analysis and doubting go.
(Upon stonions while in a rapturous kiss
Like this—my sweet—and this—
The full eyes of celestial joy we know!)

Blood and Thunder.
Somehow the boys of nowadays
Ain't what they used to be,
When Billy Jones an' all his crowd
Cavorted round with me;
Then r-dskins jerked in each backyard
An' loosed their pipes too.
An' corpses strewed the tower at night
When Jim an' me wuz through.
But now the kids get on a wheel,
An' wabble up the street,
An' never play at cowboys,
Nor at being Black Browed Pete;
We used to hoist the skull and bones
Above our reckless crew,
An' folks could tell a fight wuz on
'Fore him an' me wuz through.
But now boys react a dime
To see how old Jack Farshaway
Could win out every time;
We use to have our pennies up
Until the books cum due.
An' they wuz a ways well thumbed up
When him an' me wuz through.

As a Summer Resort.

Digby Nova Scotia, as a Summer Resort, is the title of a neat little pamphlet that has been issued by T. W. Longstaff of the Evangeline House, Digby, setting forth the beauties of that charming town as an ideal place for a summer outing. The book is beautifully illustrated with points of interest in and around Digby and contains many attractive things for the benefit of tourists. The book has also a short history of the town from its discovery, told in an interesting way. A hotel guide with rates will be found a wonderful convenience. The letter press is faultless. Mr. Longstaff's enterprise in thus seeking to advertise his native town is to be highly commended.

MONOTON'S BUSY WEEK.

A Series of Arrest Causes Much Excitement in the Railway Town.

The public must be getting rather tired of Monoton police affairs, at least the Monoton public is completely out of patience with the police force, and everything connected with it, but yet some of the proceedings of that august body are really worthy of note from their very absurdity, if for no other reason. Just now almost the entire force are engaged in a sort of game tag of which the "I touched you last" so dear to the heart of children, seems to be the objective point; only it is "I caught you last", and the game consists in the policemen arresting each other in turn, hauling the victim for the time being, before a magistrate, laying information against him, and then making him hustle around in the liveliest manner imaginable to obtain bail before he can secure his liberty.

The Belyea farce, as it is well called, has become a standing joke to the community at large, though it must be the very reverse of a joke to the person most concerned; and how he manages to retain his position on the police force is a mystery to those who are outside the charmed circle. This man was arrested some time ago on a warrant issued in connection with a disturbance which took place at the Windsor Hotel in Dorchester, the circumstances of which have been very thoroughly aired through the medium of the press. He was convicted and fined thirty dollars before Justices Cahill and Prescott; but so far from the punishment fitting the crime, and the matter ending there, his troubles seem to have only begun, for his life has been a constant succession of arrests and releases ever since. Of course if Officer Belyea is fond of variety and prefers a life of constant action to one of enervating repose he is probably enjoying himself immensely; but most people would prefer less excitement.

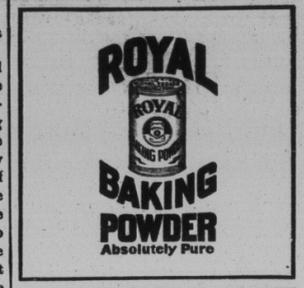
The complainant who caused his arrest at first was a certain H. H. Trites, and his success in making things unpleasant for the festive policeman, seems to have nerve deters to try their luck in the same direction, and the result was the arrest of Officer Belyea on Saturday afternoon at the athletic grounds, on a warrant issued by a Dorchester J. P. Constable Stevenson effecting the capture in a rather dramatic manner, hustling his prisoner into a carriage, and driving him to the Shiretown, as it was too late for any of the afternoon trains. A Monoton policeman, or constable is nothing if not officious and inclined to exceed his duty, so Constable Stevenson was only adhering to precedent in refusing his prisoner the privilege of communicating with the chairman of the police committee before leaving town. "Good bye Mr. —" shouted the prisoner to a gentleman standing near, as he was being driven off, "tell Alderman Wallace this bag of bones has got me, and I hadn't a chance of letting him know."

The charge on which this victim of man's tendency to go to law, was arrested this time, was pointing a revolver at A. E. Massey, at the same time and place as the assault on H. H. Trites was committed.

Scarcely had the doughty Stevenson and his captive got well upon their way, and the excitement of the arrest begun to subside when fresh interest was created, by the arrest of officer Cuisack by ex-Marshal Foster on a warrant issued at the instance of Bismarck McDougall, also by a Dorchester Justice of the Peace, and within an hour and a half of the departure of constable Stevenson and companion, ex-Marshal Foster and policeman Cuisack had started on a little driving tour, with the shiretown as the Mecca of their pilgrimage also.

Both cases came up at Dorchester yesterday and the Belyea matter was adjourned until to-morrow, the accused being remanded to jail meanwhile. In the afternoon of the same day the much tried, and once convicted Belyea succeeded in obtaining bail, and was about to start for Monoton, when he was again arrested, this time on the charge of threatening to "kill shoot and bore," Herbert H. Trites, the man who had already succeeded in having him fined thirty dollars for the same offence; the information being laid by Trites himself. Once more the weary victim found himself in custody, this time of the constable of the court, who promptly handed him over to Mr. Grant, his own attorney, and the man of many arrests reached Monoton without further adventure on Monday evening, and went on duty just as if nothing had happened.

Officer Cuisack was less fortunate as he was convicted of an assault upon Bismarck McDougall and condemned to pay a fine of five dollars and costs, or spend twenty days in jail. By way of adhering strictly to precedent no sooner were these proceedings concluded to the satisfaction of all but Mr. Cuisack than he was again arrested, this time on an information laid before T. J. Landry, but owing to an inaccuracy in the warrant, which affected its legality in



the opinion of Mr. Grant the prisoner's counsel, officer Cuisack was discharged, and came home rejoicing. It is not at all likely that the end of this interesting farce has been reached yet, as it is reported that a warrant has been issued for the arrest of officer Milner in connection with the arrest of the above mentioned McDougall on the charge of injuring the police cells, and which it seems was irregular in some way.

Others who have been arrested without a cause, as they claim, are threatening proceedings against this same officer, and it really looks as if the head that wore the helmet was not going to rest very easily. Meanwhile the force was two men short on Saturday night, Sunday and Monday, and as reports of these interesting proceedings appear in all the papers, Monoton people are naturally getting rather ashamed of the manner in which police affairs are administered in their city, and tired of being laughed at not only by the citizens of other places, but by every visitor who chances to stop off at Monoton for a few days, and after reading the papers, goes away holding his sides, with merriment, and points to the railway town as a melancholy example of incompetency and conceit, at the same time gets home.

The city council have at last awakened to the state of affairs in police circles, and held a very stormy session over the matter on Friday night, but it is not known that any very decided action has been taken towards re-organizing the force, as one alderman suggested doing.

At The Opera House.

The Miles Stock company now playing at the Opera house well merit the hearty support they are receiving. The company is an excellent one in every respect, well balanced and the performances given with a smoothness and finish not often seen. The specialties are far above the average and are generally



ally admitted to be among the best seen or heard here for years. The romantic young actor John E. Miles has already established himself a reputation here, and his work is rewarded with enthusiastic praise. Mr. Miles possesses talent of no ordinary degree, and his various interpretations have elicited many compliments. Mr. Jack Tucker and Miss Eva Williams are a comedy team that creates lots of merriment nightly. In fact the company all around is an excellent one and deserves every encouragement.

The Canadian Magazine.

The July number of "The Canadian Magazine" is a bulky number, and bears the marks of prosperity. It opens with a beautiful picture of Brock's Monument, and has as its leading article a thoughtful contribution from T. Arnold Haultain, entitled "Complaining of Our Tools." The illustrated articles in this issue are: "Picturesque St. Pierre," the pretty little French island in the Gulf of St. Lawrence; "A glimpse of Norway," being the first of four articles on the rugged scenery of that country; "The Premiers of New Brunswick Since Confederation," by James Hannay, of the St. John Telegraph; "The Royal Grenadiers' Colours," "The Queen Victoria Niagara Falls Park," and two illustrated stories by Ella S. Atkinson (Midge Merton) and Esther Talbot Kingsmill. The sub-departments: Current Thoughts, Literary Chat, and Books and Authors, are filled with bright work and decidedly taking feature.

The announcement is made that the August number will be a special fiction number, and that in that issue will be commenced "Hagar of the Pawshop," a continued story by Fergus Hume, author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," "The Lone Inn," etc. This story is said to be very much like the best work of Charles Dickens, and should add much to the value of each number of our national Magazine.



Among the pleasant little events of the week were two tea ones of which was given by Mrs. George McLeod and the other by the Misses Bayard, the cool weather making such a form of hospitality very welcome and enjoyable.

A musical event that promises to be of more than ordinary interest in the concert and recital by Miss Helen Furlong, to be given in Mechanic's Institute next Thursday evening. Miss Furlong will be assisted by Mr. J. S. Ford, Mr. Robert Seely, Mr. A. H. Lindsay, Mrs. Taylor, the Misses Furlong, Mr. Ritchie and Miss Lynch. The names of these ladies and gentlemen are sufficient guarantee that the concert will be a most enjoyable one.

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Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Kowick, Mr. and D. H. Kowick and Miss Kowick of Hartland N. B. are here for a short visit. Miss Forbes daughter of Judge Forbes, and her cousin Miss Daniels of Hartford, arrived in the city this week. Miss Forbes has been visiting Chicago. Messrs. Charles Whipple of Providence and Henry Walpole of Worcester Mass., came home to attend their mother's funeral.

Mr. A. H. McLean returned this week from a three weeks trip through the United States in which he was accompanied by his daughter. A successful fishing party, including the following gentlemen has returned from an expedition on the Tabernacle. Messrs. T. A. Goddard, Harry Goddard, S. Hayward, T. A. Peters, and E. G. Evans. Dr. Sheffield has returned from a visit to Montreal.

Lady Van Horne and Miss Van Horne are at their summer residence "Kovenhoven" in St. Andrews. Miss Rowan of the Centennial school left this week for Montreal en route to England where she will visit relatives. Mrs. Edward Riley and Miss Gertrude Riley of Coldbrook are absent on a visit to Carleton county friends.

Mr. Walter McLaughlin, son of Mr. D. J. McLaughlin left this week for his home in Minneapolis. Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Keith of Brockton Mass are spending a short time in the city. Mr. and Mrs. Barclay Robinson and Miss Robinson spent a part of the week in Woodstock.

Miss May Clark arrived from Woodstock Monday on a visit that will last several weeks. Her mother Mrs. Clark accompanied her but will only make a brief stay here. Miss Julia Neales of the same town was here for a day on her way to attend the summer school of Science at Yarmouth. Mr. Waterbury has taken a house at Digby for the summer.

Miss Edith Nichols has returned to Digby after a pleasant visit here. Miss Oakes of the same town was also in the city for a short visit recently. Mrs. M. Stewart, Miss Annie Stewart and Miss Cora Blanchard of Chicago are spending a short time in the city. Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Hoyt of New York are here on a few days visit.

Mr. Mrs. A. G. Atwood and Miss Atwood of Portland, Me., were in the city for a part of this week. Ex Mayor Ayer, Mrs. Ayer and son of Bangor made a short stay in the city this week. Friends of Mr. Alex. Wilson accountant of the Bank of Nova Scotia here are congratulating him upon an advance he has received in that institution having been appointed to relieve the managers of the various branches in turn.

Miss Florence Brown is in Moncton a guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Metzler. Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Gale and Miss Gale of this city spent Monday in Harcourt. Mrs. James McKay is a guest of her sister Mrs. D. D. Johnson of Harcourt for a few days. Mrs. Grace L. Orr was a guest of Mrs. Gordon Livingston of Harcourt this week. Mr. Edwin Butters of the Boston Globe staff was here for a part of this week. He is making a tour of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick and spent a few days on the far-famed St. John river before returning to Boston.

Mr. Percy Graham of Halifax is spending his vacation in Woodstock. Miss May Clark left for St. John Monday for a stay of several weeks. She was accompanied by her mother Mrs. Clark. Mr. Marshall Brayley of Montreal spent Sunday in Woodstock the guest of Mr. D. F. Merritt. Miss Lily Jordan returned from Windsor for the summer vacation. Miss Julia Neales left for St. John on Friday en route to Yarmouth where she will attend the Summer school of science. Miss Antoinette Hall is spending a few weeks at Fort Fairfield. Miss Pellen is spending a few weeks at Fort Fairfield. Miss McRoberts returned from Perth last week and will spend her vacation in Woodstock. Mrs. Frank Beveridge and little daughter are spending this week at Houlton. Mrs. W. J. S. Cox is spending this week at Grand Falls.

A very large number of excursionists left on the early train Monday to be present in Houlton at the fourth of July celebration there. Mrs. W. S. Saunders is spending this week at Benton. Mrs. C. T. Phillips and Miss Katie Phillips are spending some weeks at St. Stephen. Mrs. Hugh S. Wright, Miss Maud Wright, Hugh Wright Jr. left for Lennoxville Que. on Monday to spend the summer the guests of Mrs. Wright's parents. Dr. R. E. Guy Smith left on Monday for Montreal for a brief visit. Miss Mabel Phillips is spending this week at Hartland. Mr. G. H. Hanson spent part of this week at Andover holding the examination for entrance to Normal school. Inspector F. B. Meagher returned from St. Stephen Monday to hold the examination in Woodstock. Miss Kate McLeod left for Newcastle Friday to spend her holidays at home. Miss Kate Clarke is spending a few weeks in Fredericton. Mr. Donald Munro, Mrs. Frank Rankin, and Miss Emma Henderson went to Fredericton Tuesday as delegates to the presbyterial meeting there. ELAINE.

ST. GEORGE. JULY 1.—The marriage of Miss Lydia Southard daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Southard to Mr. Martin Burns of Digbyquash took place at the R. C. church on Wednesday morning the ceremony was performed by Rev. Father Lavery. The bride wore a stylish gown of white cashmere handsomely trimmed with white lace and carried a beautiful bouquet of white ribbon. The maid of honor Miss Emma Burns wore a costume of lawn with hat to match. Mr. O'Harrow of St. Stephen attended the groom. After the ceremony the bridal party drove to their future home where a wedding breakfast was served. The bride was the recipient of many lovely presents. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Chaffey are rejoicing over the advent of a young son. Barely if ever has Coutts hall presented as bright and cheerful an appearance and as appreciative an audience as it did on Wednesday evening, when Miss Blanche Hudson and class, under the auspices of the band, gave one of the best local entertainments ever given in town. The entertainment (CONTINUED ON EIGHTH PAGE.)

WOODSTOCK. [Announcement is for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. Loan & Co.] July 6.—Mrs. R. K. Jones left Friday for Fredericton where she will spend some weeks the guest of her daughter Mrs. W. S. Fisher. Mr. and Mrs. Barclay Robinson and Miss Robinson of St. John spent part of this week in Woodstock. Mr. Percy Graham of Halifax is spending his vacation in Woodstock. Miss May Clark left for St. John Monday for a stay of several weeks. She was accompanied by her mother Mrs. Clark. Mr. Marshall Brayley of Montreal spent Sunday in Woodstock the guest of Mr. D. F. Merritt. Miss Lily Jordan returned from Windsor for the summer vacation. Miss Julia Neales left for St. John on Friday en route to Yarmouth where she will attend the Summer school of science. Miss Antoinette Hall is spending a few weeks at Fort Fairfield. Miss Pellen is spending a few weeks at Fort Fairfield. Miss McRoberts returned from Perth last week and will spend her vacation in Woodstock. Mrs. Frank Beveridge and little daughter are spending this week at Houlton. Mrs. W. J. S. Cox is spending this week at Grand Falls.

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For Sale. A New Upright Piano. New York make, and superior tone and finish. Cost \$375; will be sold for \$250 cash. APPLY AT THIS OFFICE.

No Element of Uncertainty About this Premium Offer HOW DOES \$38.50 Cash AND THE WRAPPERS from 3 boxes of "WELCOME" Soap for a High Grade GUARANTEED BICYCLE... Strike You? The only thing cheap about it is the price we are selling at to increase the sales of our famous "WELCOME" SOAP. It is one of the best known and largest makes of the Standard Bicycles, and guaranteed to stand up with any wheel sold in Canada. We can get no more this season; our limited quantity is going rapidly, and if you want to get the benefit of this great offer, must speak quick. WRITE US FOR FULL PARTICULARS The Welcome Soap Co., St. John, N. B.

If Horses could talk... what a hum there would be on the streets about the wonderful way in which Quickheal cures Scratches, Galls and Sores. Every man who owns a horse should try it. SOLD EVERYWHERE

Where the Shoe Pinches. Often it nips just over your favorite corn, or squeezes the ingrown toe nail. Wearing shoes, perhaps, to you is not fraught with much pleasure. Your feet sweat in them, get tired in them, swell and ache, especially in the warm weather. Then, too, your shoes don't smell as sweet and clean as you'd wish. All these little troubles may be obviated by the use of Foot Elm. It gives you comfort with your feet. Makes walking easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Ingrowing Toe Nails. Keeps your feet and shoes sweet, dry and wholesome, and renders shoe wearing a delight. J. B. Stringer, Chatham, Ont., says:—"I cheerfully recommend Foot Elm. It relieves that hot burning sensation and has benefited my feet very much."

"The Ideal Tonic." CAMPBELL'S QUININE WINE Tones up the System, Restores the Appetite. No other Quinine Wine is just as good.

Drink Montserrat In Hot Weather. It is the pure juice of ripe fruit—and a wholesome summer beverage. It is cheaper and more convenient than lemonade. Beware of imitations which are mere concoctions and injurious to health. On the Island of Montserrat (W. I.) alone is the LIME systematically cultivated for the purpose of supplying the juice as a beverage. "Montserrat" is never misty. If a Lime Juice Cordial is desired "Limeetta" will be found the finest in the market.

When You Order Pelee Island Wines... BE SURE YOU GET OUR BRAND. While PELEE ISLAND WINE is highly recommended for La Grippe, Debility, Dyspepsia, etc., etc., it is the only Canadian wine so recommended. It is frequently the case customers ask for our brands and get a substitute. Ask for Our Brand and See You Get It E. C. SCOVIL Maritime Agent 62 Union Street.

at the prisoner's was discharged, It is not at all interesting farce is reported that for the arrest of Dougall on the police cells, and in some way. arrested without are threatening name officer, and that wore the test very easily. two men short y and Monday, interesting proceed- papers, Moncton g rather asham- police affairs city, and tired of by the citizens of every visitor who Moncton for a long the papers, rides, with merri- railway town as an incompetency and. last awakened police circles, and over the matter not known that has been taken force, as one House. any now playing merit the hearty ring. The common in every hood and the smoothness The specialties and are gen-



ing the best seen or the romantic young already establish- and his work astic praise. Mr. of no ordinary interpretations implements. Mr. va Williams are a lots of merri- the company all ons and deserves magazine. "The Canadian number, and bears It opens with a rock's Monument, article a thoughtful nold Hautain, en- Dur Tools." The issue are: "Pic- pretty little French it. Lawrence; "A being the first of red scenery of that of New Brunswick y James Hannay, raph; "The Royal "The Queen Vic-," and two illus- Atkinson (Misge Talbot Kingmill. Current Thoughts, ooks and Authors, rk and decidedly is made that the e a special fiction that issue will be the Pawnshop," a us Hume, author of inson Cab." The story is said to be work of Charles d much to the value national Magazine.

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

Progress is for sale at Halifax by the newsstand at the following news stands and others.

Quiet has reigned since the jubilee festivities, but the tears that the large, rices and other formal entertainments then given had exhausted our summer gaieties is fortunately not to be realized.

There have been a host of small picnics and parties this week, but nothing of any general interest.

On Monday afternoon there was the usual weekly gathering at the Garrison tennis ground for tennis and tea.

Mrs. Addington, who will be remembered here as Miss Laura Almon, arrived last week from England and will spend the summer with her father, Senator Almon, at Rosebank.

The attorney-general and Mrs. Longley have left for England, where there they will spend the summer.

Mrs. Roche-Smith, whose husband is one of the officers of H. M. S. Pallua, will spend most of the summer in Halifax, of which is Miss Robinson, daughter of a former admiral's secretary, she is an old resident.

Captain Twining, R. E., and Mrs. Twining have arrived from Kingston and will spend the summer here.

Mrs. Twining, Mrs. Robertson and Mrs. Pittman are all receiving bridal visits and will doubtless be much entertained by their various circles of friends.

Truro.

Progress is for sale in Truro by Mr. G. O. Fulton, and D. H. Smith & Co.

July 2.—Mrs. Geo. Smith who has been visiting her relatives at "Fern Hill", left for her home in Berwick, yesterday.

Mrs. G. O. Fulton and family left last Friday for North Sydney, C. B.

Mrs. E. B. McLaughlin is receiving her friends this week assisted by Miss Margaret McDougall.

Mrs. Fred Murray, Master Ralph and Miss Nellie are here from Boston, guests of her brother and wife Senator and Mrs. McKay.

Mrs. Gordon Campbell and her baby son Balfour are here from Montreal, guests at Roselands.

Mrs. A. C. Patterson gave a charming tea yesterday afternoon. Mrs. James Miller assisted her in dispensing hospitalities to the following guests: Mrs. W. S. Muir, Mrs. A. D. Wetmore, Mrs. J. Taylor, Mrs. Fred Murray, Boston, Miss McKay, Misses McNaughton, Miss Nora Blanchard, Miss Yorston, Miss Dawson, Pictou.

Messrs. W. P. McKay and G. H. Williams are enjoying a bicycle trip, through parts of New Brunswick. Today they play tennis in Moncton.

A number of "Century" club men and their friends enjoyed an outing at Black Rock last Sunday, and the privileges of "Liberty Hall," the new club house.

Miss Nellie McMullin has returned from a very pleasant visit among Halifax friends.

Mrs. John Foster Senr., Halifax, and her daughter Mrs. W. A. G. Hill of Sydney C. B., were guests of Mrs. Geo. Donkin for a few days this week.

Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Newham who have been visiting the former's home friends in St. Stephen, were guests at "Stonecroft cottage" for a day or two this week, en route home to Canso.

Mrs. E. P. Rowe is here from Boston visiting her sister Mrs. A. E. Learment at the "Learment".

Parsonsboro.

Progress is for sale at Parsonsboro Book Store July 7.—The weather not being very favorable for the excursion to Windsor by the Acadia on Dominion day only about fifty persons went. These report as having greatly enjoyed the celebration there.

Mr. Justice Townshend and his family are boarding at Mr. Corbett's.

Mrs. Hensley is back from Summerside visiting friends here.

The new rector of St. George's parish Rev. Robert Johnstone and Mrs. Johnstone arrived on Wednesday and are staying at Mr. Woodworth's.

TO YOUR RELIEF Pure Lime Juice—absolutely free from tartaric acid and the pollution derived from kessel or tanks—tends to keep the body in a most healthful state in warm weather, and allays thirst as well. Stowers' is pure. It is purified twice over. It is 20 per cent. stronger than any other Lime Juice because it is so pure. Stowers' Lime Juice. BEST GROCERS SELL IT.

WILSON'S FLY POISON PAD READ THIS. Dear Sir,—The following may be of use to you: "A customer of mine, who keeps a butcher shop in this town, bought a 10 cent package of your Fly Pad from me, and in ten days killed over a dozen MEASURES OF FLIES. Yours truly, F. G. SANDERSON.

WILSON'S FLY PADS. Arriving ex "Escalona" "The Nicest" in quarter case and Octives. For sale low. THOS. I. BOURKE WATER STREET

Jewelry. In BRACELETS, BROOCHES, EARRINGS, PENDENTS, LOCKETS, NECK CHAINS, GUARDS, LINKS, STUDS, RINGS, STICK PINS, HAT PINS, Etc. We have a large stock to select from, and will make prices right. FERGUSON & PAGE. 41 KING STREET.

The National Dress Cutting Academy MADAME ETHIER, General Manager, 88 St. Denis St., Montreal. Will be kept open during the holidays this summer for instruction of pupils in person or by mail. Out of town parties visiting the city will be cordially received, and every facility afforded for obtaining any information regarding system, methods, rates of tuition, etc.

New Cloths FOR SPRING AND SUMMER WEAR Just opened, a full stock of Cloths for the coming season, consisting of English and Scotch Suitings, Trouserings and Overcoatings, Black and Colored Worsteds, Black and Blue Serges and Cheviots. Beautiful both in finish and design. By ordering early, customers will avoid the annoyance of having to wait, which is necessary later in the season. A. R. CAMPBELL, Merchant Tailor, GERMAIN STREET.

YOUR SPARE TIME Men, women, to conduct business at home. Work is simple writing and copying lists of addresses received from local advertising, to be forwarded to us daily. No canvassing; no previous experience required; but plain writing preferred. Permanent work to those content to earn \$8 or more weekly in spare time. Apply to WALKER & CO., LONDON, ONT.

Blair, Ruel & Blair, BARRISTERS, ETC., 49 Canterbury Street, St. John, N. B.

will the rectory which is undergoing some repairs is ready for them. Mrs. Magee entertained the teachers and high school pupils at a garden party this afternoon. Mr. E. P. Gillespie and his bride came on Friday. Mrs. James Brown and Mr. Willie Brown who have been here since Friday returned to Amherst today. Mr. H. J. Logan M. P. is in town. Miss Minnie York spent part of last week at Grand Pre. Mrs. J. G. Holmes, Dr. Smith, Mrs. Stanley Smith and Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Reid went to Nappan on Wednesday to attend the marriage of Miss Besse Blair and Dr. Percy Holmes. Miss Clara Gillespie is back from a visit at Amherst. Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey Upham and Miss Upham left on Thursday for St. Stephen. Mr. James Miller of St. Mary's Bay has been here this week. Mrs. Gibbons is spending a week or two at Port Greville. Miss Morris of Advocate has been staying with Miss Clara Kirkpatrick. Mr. Percy Eaton is at home from Moncton visiting friends. Mr. Robert Aikman went to St. John on Saturday to meet Mrs. Aikman and Master Gerald returning from Montreal. Mr. Barne of St. John is registered at the Evangeline.

DIGBY. [Progress is for sale in Digby by Mrs. Morse.] JULY 9.—Mr. Smithson, Mrs. Smithson, Miss Besse Smithson of Ottawa are here for the summer. Mrs. Weldon and family of New York are at the Thras. Mr. and Mrs. Crosshill of Halifax are visiting Mr. Geo. Lynch, Hawthorn Villa. Rev. Mr. Osborne and family of New York have arrived and will remain the summer, occupying their pretty summer cottage at south end. Mr. Waterbury of St. John has taken a house here for the summer. Mr. Frank Morse who has been studying at Harvard the past nine months, received a degree of M. A. at that institution recently. Don Dr. Borden was in town Wednesday last week on his way to Boston. Miss Tupper of Boston is visiting her sister Mrs. T. S. Morse. Miss Edith Nichols has returned from St. John. An impromptu dance was held in Oldfield ows hall the evening of Dominion day. The "light fantastic" was indulged in and pleasantly whiled away the hours till midnight. Mr. E. Turnbull has been to St. John on a business trip. Mr. Bonnell is enjoying a few weeks with his family here. Miss Oaks has been visiting in St. John.

MONCTON. Progress is for sale in Moncton at the Moncton Bookstore, by W. G. Stanfield and at M. B. Jones Bookstore. JULY 7.—There were two more weddings in town last week, but only one of them can be placed in the category of June weddings, the other taking place on the national holiday. The first was that of Miss Josephine Sullivan, daughter of the late Cornelius Sullivan who was married on Tuesday morning of last week, to Mr. E. P. Gillespie of Parsonsboro, N. B. The ceremony which took place in the B. C. church, was performed by Rev. Father Legee of Fox Creek, in the presence of a large number of relatives and friends. The bride wore a handsome travelling costume of blue cloth and was attended by her sister Miss Maggie Sullivan, now of Boston. Mr. F. J. Sweeney, barrister of this city was best man. Mr. and Mrs. Gillespie left immediately after the ceremony for Halifax. The bride who is a cousin of Messrs. Peter and George McWesney of this city was well known in Moncton, and will be followed to her new home by the best wishes of numerous friends. The second wedding was that of Miss Martha Klinear, youngest daughter of Mr. W. D. Kinnear of Moncton, to Mr. Walter Shaffer, formerly of Moncton, but now engineer of one of the Clyde line steamers running between New York and New Orleans. The ceremony which was private on account of the illness of the bride's mother took place on Thursday morning at the family residence on Alma street, and was performed by Rev. John Prince in the presence of the immediate relatives. Mr. and Mrs. Shaffer left by the C. P. R. at noon for their future home in New York. Their numerous friends will wish them all possible happiness in their journey through life. Mr. and Mrs. George W. Babbitt returned on Monday from their wedding trip only to be met by the information that Mr. Babbitt had been transferred to the St. John Branch of the Bank of Nova Scotia where he will take the place of accountant. Whether the change is to be a permanent one or not is quite uncertain at present, but I fear we must reconcile ourselves to the loss of the popular, constant and his bride, to whose advent amongst us we had been looking forward to with such pleasant anticipation. Mr. and Mrs. Babbitt returned to St. John by the afternoon train on Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Tennant returned on Saturday from their wedding trip to New York and Boston. Mrs. Tennant appeared in St. John's church on Sunday morning, and is receiving her friends this week at 1 - mother's home on Highfield street. Mr. Vincent Nutter of Montreal is spending a week's vacation in town the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Wetmore of First Street. Mr. Avard Knight, now of Amherst branch of the Bank of Nova Scotia, is spending a few days at his home in Moncton. Miss Lillie Templeton of Scotland, is spending a few weeks in town the guest of Mr. and Mrs. David White, of Archibald street. The many friends of Miss Watson of Halifax, niece of the late Mr. George Taylor of the I. C. R., and for many years a resident of Moncton, were glad to welcome her back to her old home last week. Miss Watson spent only a day or two in the city visiting friends. Mrs. Hiram Humphrey of Pettitodac, and her daughter Mrs. Wylie of Lynn Mass., are visiting friends in town. Mr. and Mrs. P. S. Archibald and Miss Archibald, returned on Sunday morning from a trip to Quebec. Miss Lillian Nicholson left town on Friday to spend the summer vacation at her home in Fredericton. Captain Marmadoc, of the I. C. R. general office, left town yesterday morning to spend two weeks vacation at his home in Arichat C. B. Miss Borden returned yesterday from Dorchester where she has been spending a few days with Mrs. T. W. Bell at the Windsor Hotel. Dr. and Mrs. Wm. Harris of Philadelphia arrived in town on Friday, and are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Harris of Steadman street. Miss Cooke spent a few days in Dorchester last week visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Forster. Miss Lottie Corbett returned last week from Newton, Mass., and is spending her summer vacation with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Corbett of Botsford street. Mr. F. W. Moore of the Bank of Montreal spent the national holiday in town, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. T. V. Cooke of Steadman street. Mrs. H. D. Chapman, of London, Ont., who has been spending a few days in town with Mrs. W. B. Chapman of Botsford street, left on Monday for Summerside, to visit friends. Mr. and Mrs. Irvine Yorlie are receiving congratulations upon the arrival of a small daughter, who made her first appearance in town on Dominion day. Mr. and Mrs. W. B. McKenzie are also being congratulated for the same reason, this little maiden having also arrived on the thirtieth birthday of our Dominion. Miss Kate Willis and Miss McKay, of the Central school teaching staff, left town last week for Chicago, where they intend spending part of their summer vacation. Miss Florence Brown, of St. John, is spending a week or two in town the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Metalar, of Queen street. Mr. Foster Floyd of Chicopee Falls, Mass., is visiting Mrs. H. W. Denier of Botsford street. Mrs. Floyd is accompanied by her little daughter, and intends spending the summer in town. Miss Jennie Richardson of Sackville is the guest of her aunt Mrs. Bliss Sears of Weldon street. Miss Alice Wetmore and Miss Jean Bruce give their recital in the opera house this evening; they will be assisted by Mr. J. H. Wetmore, Mr. G. H. Blair organist of St. John's presbyterian church, and the Moncton orchestra so a musical treat is in store for the citizens, who have been looking forward to this event for some time. IVAN.

HARBOUR. Progress is for sale in Harcourt by Mrs. S. Livingston. JULY 7.—Mr. and Mrs. P. Cale and Miss Cale of St. John spent Monday in Harcourt. Rev. J. K. McClure spent Sunday in Rogersville. Mrs. James McKay of St. John is visiting her sister, Mrs. D. D. Johnston. Mr. H. T. Colpitts went to Richibucto on Thursday to spend his vacation. Mrs. James Buckley is visiting her daughter, Mrs. H. Balfour at Campbellton. Dr. Keith returned on Monday from his vacation. Mr. James Thompson who has been in Cape town South Africa, for the past two months arrived here yesterday en route to Richibucto to visit his relatives. Mr. Firman McClure, M. P. for Colchester Co. N. S. and Mrs. Isaac B. Humphrey have the sympathy of this community in the loss of the youngest daughter, Lucy, a bright and an interesting child, whose death occurred yesterday. Miss Maud Chrystal went to Moncton on Monday to attend the Normal school examinations. Miss Ferguson of Richibucto and Miss Grace L. Orr of St. John were guests of Mrs. Gordon Livingstone on Monday. Mr. Malcolm McKinnon of Richibucto and his daughter Nellie spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. James W. Morton. Miss Lillian Morton drove to Richibucto on Monday in company with her uncle Mr. M. McKinnon. Miss Marion Wathen went to Chatham on Monday. Mr. Robert Saultier was at Richibucto yesterday attending the county court as a juror. Mr. Denis Saultier went to Nova Scotia last week on a prolonged visit. Mr. George A. Clarke of Kingston was in Harcourt yesterday on a business trip. Judge Wells passed through here yesterday returning to Moncton from Richibucto where he had opened and closed the July session of the county court the same day.

ANAGANUS. July 6.—Mr. and Mrs. George W. Stockton are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a young daughter at their home. Miss Julia McNaughton, who has been attending school in Anagopus for the past term returned home on Thursday. Miss Francis Kolstead of Hartford Conn., is spending a few weeks with relatives here. Mr. Heber Kinnear left for Boston last week to spend several months there under a specialist's treatment for ear trouble. Mrs. Norman Sinclair, Miss Smith and Miss Jessie Weir of Moncton, are spending to-day at the Portage. Mr. B. B. Colwell of St. John spent Sunday in town. Mrs. Jean Seakies of Sussex is visiting her sister Mrs. Thos. L. Dunfield this week. Mr. and Mrs. A. Jones of Pettitodac spent Sunday at the "Cottage House" with her son Ormond L. Jones. Miss Edna Floyd is in Penobscot visiting relatives. Mrs. Emma Davidson and Mr. Albert Davidson spent Sunday in Havelock the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fred C. Cameron. Mo-que-ro.

Baldness can be averted, and many times heads that are already bald can be made to grow fine, healthy hair, of a natural hue, by Hall's Hair Renewer.

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Baldness can be averted, and many times heads that are already bald can be made to grow fine, healthy hair, of a natural hue, by Hall's Hair Renewer.

100 Medals For a Name Awarded to this Cocoa of all Cocos for its purity — its wholesomeness — its delicate flavor, and its easy solubility. Think of the crucial tests it stood before the medals were won! Fry's Cocoa SOLD BY BEST GROCERS EVERYWHERE.

Spring Possibilities AT..... The Parisian Opportunities for early bargain buying have never been so great as they are now. The first prices placed on our Millinery are not the usual exorbitant charges for the season's novelties, but show only a fair profit for conveying to you the best products from Paris, New York and London. Such a display of Hats, Bonnets, Flowers, Laces and Novelties was never before seen in this city.

The Parisian Cor. Union and Coburg Sts. was never before seen in this city.

The Parisian Cor. Union and Coburg Sts. was never before seen in this city.

Bordeaux Claret Co. (La Compagnie des Vins de Bordeaux). FOR SUMMER OUTINGS, BOATING AND FISHING TRIPS, OR COUNTRY EXCURSIONS Our Assorted Bodega Cases of Fine Wines and Liquors ranging from \$5 to \$12, according to contents, and giving general satisfaction. Call or write for our new complete Price List of Wines, Liquors, etc., which contains, amongst other choice brands, BON BOURGEOIS CLARET at \$3 per case of 1 dozen quarts. MONTFERRAND CLARET at \$4 per case of 1 dozen quarts. 51 PER CASE EXTRA FOR 2 DOZ. PINTS. Also, a full assortment of Champagnes, Burgundies, Sauternes, Ports, Sherries, Rhine and Moselle Wines. BORDEAUX CLARET CO. 30 Hospital Street, - - Montreal.

TEABERRY FOR THE TEETH PLEASANT TO USE - HARMLESS ARRESTS DECAY - AT ALL DRUGGISTS - 25 CENTS A BOX ZOPES-CHEMICAL-COY - TORONTO

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

(Programs in for sale in St. Stephen by Master Ralph Trainor, and at the bookstores of G. S. Wall, T. Nicholson, and J. Vroom & Co. in Calais at G. F. Treat's.)

JULY 7.—Dominion Day was very quietly spent here: with the exception of the Government offices, and banks there was no suspension of business. A number of picnics out of town was the only thing in the way of celebrating this day...

Mrs. W. H. Cole entertained at dinner recently Lieut. Col. Morton from Washington D. C. and Colonel George A. Philbrook of Augusta and Col. Ernest T. Lee and Mrs. Lee of Calais.

Croquet is again a very fashionable game, after its years of decline. Those who are fond of outdoor games find it as fatiguing then tennis, and it requires little practice or science.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Grant are established at their cottage on the river bank several miles below Calais, and Mr. and Mrs. John Black and family are at their summer home at the Lodge. Other cottages are being rapidly prepared for their occupants...

Mrs. John E. Algar and her daughter Mabel, have returned from a pleasant visit in Fredericton where they were guests of Mrs. William Lemoir.

Mr. Gilbert S. Wall, Miss Jessie Wall, Miss Robert Murchie and Miss Sadie Rideout who sailed from Montreal on the eighteenth of June, in the steamship Parisian, arrived in Liverpool as safely on the twenty-eighth.

Mr. C. O. Barker left on Thursday last for Eureka, California, and will be absent until September.

A lawn party on the grounds of Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Hill is one of the pleasant social events of next week. It is under the auspices of the ladies of Trinity church, and that alone means a pleasant success.

Mrs. Hume Bates and her family are occupying their summer cottage on the river bank below Calais a short distance.

Mr. James Reynolds, Mr. Frank Reynolds and the Misses Reynolds are spending a few days with the Misses Bixby. They return to St. John tomorrow.

Miss George Meredith left on Monday for Summerside, Prince Edward Island, where she will visit for a brief period.

Miss Lizzie Wilson has been the guest of Miss Alice Curley this week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Grant and their children are now at their beautiful summer cottage at the Lodge several miles below Calais, and will remain there during the warm weather.

The celebration of the fourth of July passed off very brilliantly this year. The procession in the morning was the finest for years and quite rivalled the procession on Jubilee day in St. Stephen.

All the different clubs in the city took part but the prize was awarded to the "Grafan" club, which chose for their colors violet and white, and decorated the balloons in which they rode with their colors.

The "Tallyho" coach, in pink and white filled with the (jests of Calais' young ladies was a very pretty sight. During their progress through St. Stephen, they sang "God save the Queen", received in return for the compliment vigorous applause from the spectators with which the streets were lined.

The St. Croix club whose members did so much to make the day a success were in the procession almost en masse. There were a number of boat races in the afternoon, and horse racing also, at the Calais driving park. In the evening band concerts, and fireworks were the chief attraction at the St. Croix ball, W. S. Hawkins theatrical company attracted a large audience. The Dominion Cruiser "Curlew" was in the river to honor the day.

With the exception of one or two accidents from powder and guns, the day was one of the most enjoyable holidays that the people of St. Croix have enjoyed for some time.

Miss Etta DeWolfe has gone to Charlestown New Hampshire, to spend several weeks with friends.

Madame Grimmer of St. Andrews, is the guest of her niece Mrs. Fredric W. Grimmer this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Sutherland left today for Fredericton and expect to ride the entire distance on their wheels, as both are experienced bicyclists.

Mr. J. McLaren of St. John spent Sunday in town.

Mr. E. B. Snow's friends were pleased to see him in town this week.

Mr. and Mrs. George DeWolfe have been spending this week in New York city.

Mr. G. W. Ganson M. P., was in St. John this week on a brief visit.

Miss May Carter left on Monday for St. John.

Mr. James Murchie and his daughter Mrs. Carrie Porter, gave a family tea party at their residence in Milltown on Friday evening in honor of Madame Grimmer of St. Andrews.

Mrs. William A. Murchie gave a thimble party on Wednesday of last week at her residence to which a number of her lady friends were invited.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Hall arrived here on Saturday from Montreal and are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Todd.

Mr. Whitney of Honolulu and his sister Miss Whitney are guests of Rev. C. G. and Mrs. McCally.

Rev. Harry Peabody accompanied by Mrs. Peabody arrived from New Haven on Saturday and will visit relatives at Calais and Fredericton.

Miss Lillian Dick has gone to her home in Maccarie, where she will spend her vacation.

Miss May Carter, spent a day or two at Moores Mills, with friends before going to St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. Fredric Newham has returned to Canoe, Nova Scotia.

Mr. George Boudin, of Dartmouth college, has arrived home.

Mrs. David Main, Miss Grace Stevens, Mrs. J. K. Tadin, Mrs. Wanford Robinson, and Mrs. James McWha, are visiting Fredericton this week, as delegates to the Presbyterial held in that city this week.

Miss Jane Eaton, is visiting friends in Boston.

Rev. Dr. Steintra, and family have arrived from Cambridge Mass., and are occupying their summer cottage at Robinson, Maine.

Miss Madeline Sisson, left on Saturday for Fredericton, where she will spend her vacation with relatives.

Miss Grace E. Newton of Grand Manan is visiting friends in Calais.

Mr. Henry F. Todd intends to leave at an early date for England where he will remain for several weeks.

Mrs. Mary McGregor has returned to Charlton after a pleasant visit in Calais.

Mr. Verne Whitman has gone to Norway Maine, to spend his vacation.

Miss Dora Boudin has returned from Norfolk Virginia and is most cordially welcomed home by her friends.

Mr. W. H. Cole and Master Nell Cole are visiting Boston.

Mr. E. D. Ross has gone on an extended trip through the province and will be absent during this month.

Mr. Charles Murray principal of the Grand Manan schools has arrived home and will spend the greater part of his holidays in town.

The Premier accompanied by Mrs. Mitchell Miss Florence Mitchell and Miss Noe Clarke spent Dominion Day in Fredericton.

On Sunday morning in the Baptist church, Calais, the pastor Rev. Dr. Padelford preached his twentieth anniversary sermon at his parsonage of that church.

Mrs. Edward Boutele of Bangor is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. George Lowell.

Mrs. David Brown, near the cemetery road, will be at home to her friends every Thursday afternoon.

Mr. Joseph Cotter has returned to his home in Boston after a pleasant visit in Calais.

Mr. Henry Rideout has returned from college.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank McCartney, have decided to make their future residence in Fort Arthur, Texas, and will in a short time move to that city.

Miss Louie Taylor has arrived home from Philadelphia, Penn., and is most cordially welcomed by her friends. Miss Berta Taylor will remain for several weeks in Pittsburg, Penn.

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson I. Teed are visiting Woodstock this week, to attend the marriage of their niece Miss Jessie Murray to Mr. J. W. Dewit Jarvis of Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Aubrey Upham have returned from their wedding tour. On their arrival a reception was given them by their friends and relatives at their home. Mr. and Mrs. Upham receive their friends this week.

Miss Bessie Upham of Parrboro is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey Upham.

Mrs. John J. Collins of New York city who were Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hill's guests have gone to Campbell where they will spend the summer.

Miss Julia McIninch of Woodstock is the guest of her aunt Mrs. Frank Smith.

Miss Cutler and cousins, Miss Lawerson and the Misses Tighe all of Amherst, came here for the jubilee celebration and remained the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. O'Dell at "The Homestead" for a week.

Mr. Wayland Porter, with the Misses Porter and Messrs. Arthur and Fred Porter are camping at Pine Bluff, they are accompanied by Mrs. Will Clark.

Among the visitors to the Celestial and spending several days here last week were Mr. O'Key of Kenville, Nova Scotia and Mr. Starr of Wolfville. It is said that both these gentlemen find great attractions here and that they will again visit Fredericton in the autumn when they hope to take away with them a fair Frederictonian.

Mrs. Geo. Balmal of Woodstock has been visiting her sister Mrs. Wesley Vanwart.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Bauld returned from their wedding journey on Thursday and were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. D. F. George at "The Sunnyside" till Tuesday when they left for their home in Halifax.

Miss Ida Luginis spent the past week in the city the guest of her sister Mrs. W. P. Flawelling.

Friends of Mrs. Jas. Beck will regret to hear that she is suffering from the effects of a very severe paralytic stroke with which she was seized on Friday last.

Dr. and Mrs. Brecken of Sackville spent the past week here, the guests of this Misses Perley, Charlotte street.

Mrs. J. K. McIntosh, child and maid are visiting Mrs. McIntosh's sister Mrs. H. H. Pitts.

Miss Stevens and Mrs. Main of St. Stephen are the guests of Mrs. Geo. F. Gregory at "Elmshade."

After a long visit of several months spent in Halifax, Miss Adelle Robinson has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. James Tibbits left on Monday for St. Andrews, where they will spend a couple of weeks at the store.

Miss Ethel Bourne, of Woodstock, is visiting friends in the city.

Miss Connel of Woodstock is the guest of Miss Carrie Winslow.

Mr. Sabine Carr of Woodstock returned home on Monday after a pleasant week spent in the Celestial.

Miss Crookshank returned from a pleasant visit spent with friends at St. John on Wednesday.

Mrs. Bauld appeared at in the Baptist church on Sunday and on Monday received her calls at the Sunnyside, Mrs. Bauld was looking exceedingly well in a beautiful gown of eau de nil silk, with duchess lace trimmings.

Mr. Geo. Clarke was also receiving on Monday and Tuesday of this week; Mrs. Clarke's gown was a pretty mixture of corn and pink, she was assisted in her happy duties by Miss Crookshank and Miss Fielders.

Miss Jeannette Beverly leaves tomorrow morning for Boston, where she will visit her cousin Dr. Childs of Jamaica Plain.

Miss Fielders of St. John is visiting Miss Crookshank.

Hon. Mr. Mitchell, Attorney General, Mrs. Mitchell and Miss Florrie Mitchell and Noe Clarke who have been spending the past week here, all returned home to St. Stephen today.

Mrs. F. B. Edgcomb has returned from her visit to Charlottetown.

Miss Stevens of Bangor is at Ashburton Palace, the guest of Mrs. F. B. Edgcomb.

Mrs. Thomas Temple left yesterday for her home in Nova Scotia, to visit her mother after which she will spend a few weeks in Halifax the guest of her aunt.

Mrs. Fraser returned home from St. Andrews on Saturday and is at Parralaise Place.

Rev. Mr. Morton is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Johnson at "Red Top."

Mr. J. J. Fraser Gregory of St. John was among the visitors to the city this week.

Miss Cook of Sackville is staying with Mrs. F. P. Thompson.

Mrs. Robinson of Moncton and child are the guests of Mrs. H. H. Pitts.

Mrs. Rankine and Mrs. McLean of Woodstock are at "Red Top," the guest of Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Johnson.

Mrs. Lee Street, nee Miss Frankie Babbit, of Cambridge is visiting her old home here.

Mrs. Baird of Chipman is the guest of Mrs. Geo. Hodge.

Mrs. Miles B. Dixon and daughter Miss Marney Hillon-Green are here for the summer and are the guests of Mrs. Rainsford at The Farm.

Miss Chas. Whapley leaves tomorrow for Greenwood Kings Co, where she will spend the hot weather with relatives.

Miss Alice Nixon of St. John is visiting Miss Clara Clark.

Miss Sarah McKee left on Tuesday for Boston and Lowell where she will spend several weeks visiting friends.

Mr. Kerr Mrs. Kerr and family of New Jersey are here and will spend the summer the guests of Mrs. Kerr's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Ross.

Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Edgcombe and family, and Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Edgcombe and family go to their summer camp "Edgcomb Hill" on Monday.

Miss McIntyre of the Victoria hospital staff, has gone to Frezque Isle to spend the vacation with relatives.

Miss Mary Edmunds of Boston is here visiting her aunt Mrs. Adams at the Queen.

Miss Enez Ross leaves next week for a month's outing at St. Andrews.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Babbit, of Moncton spent a few days here while on their wedding journey.

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Comfort in Boating. Depends largely on the way one is dressed. Ladies often grow weary guarding their gowns from the rain or the spray. A comfort, then, is WATERWITCH SERGE, profied by the CAVERNITE CO., it is perfectly shower proof, and will not spot from rain or sea water.

Messrs. Y. White, R. S. Edgcombe, and McPeake, Ritchie and Allison were among the boys here for the jubilee.

Some years ago the Rev. Dr. Crane, the father of St. Stephen Crane, the novelist, wrote a tract on popular amusements in which he condemned novel reading as one of the vices of the age.

CHRONIC DERANGEMENTS of the Stomach, Liver and Blood are speedily removed by the active principle of the ingredients entering into the composition of Farnelle's Vegetable Pills.

As FARNELLE'S VEGETABLE PILLS contain Mandrake and Dandelion, they cure Liver and Kidney Complaints with unerring certainty. They also contain Roca and Herbs which have specific virtues truly wonderful in their action on the stomach and bowels.

A great demand for a pleasant, safe and reliable antidote for all affections of the throat and lungs is fully met with in HICKIE'S Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It is a purely Vegetable Compound, and acts promptly and mercifully in subduing all coughs, colds, bronchitis, inflammation of the lungs etc.

Count Muraviev, the new Russian minister of foreign affairs, is the grandson of the general who so heroically suppressed the Polish revolution of 1863.

Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It removed ten corns from one pair of feet without any pain. What it has done once it will do again.

The Brightest Flowers must fade, but young lives endangered by severe coughs and colds may be preserved by DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL. Croup, whooping cough, bronchitis, in short all affections of the throat and lungs, are relieved by this sterilized preparation, which also remedies rheumatic pains, sore throats, piles, kidney difficulty, and is most economic.

Agostino Gatti, the London caterer who died recently, was a millionaire. He was peasant born and lived as a peasant, with no desire to go into society. In later years he owned the Adelphi theatre.

Canada's International Exhibition. St. John, N. B. 14th to 24th Sept., 1897. OVER \$12,000 IN PRIZES. For Live Stock and Farm and Dairy Products. Competition open to the World.

Very Cheap Excursion Rates on All Railways and Steamers. Rates and Dates announced later. Special Arrangements are made for the cheap transport of Exhibitors.

THE GREAT TWINS AND KIDNEY & D. C. PILLS. Believe and Cure The Great Twin Pills INDIGESTION AND CONSTIPATION. Write for samples, testimonials and guarantee. K. D. C. COMPANY, Limited, New Glasgow, Nova Scotia.

LAXATIVE PILLS. CURE BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, SICK HEADACHE AND ALL LIVER TROUBLES. AS a laxative, one pill acts perfectly, and if a stronger action is desired a cathartic effect is produced by two pills. In obstinate cases, where a purgative is necessary, three pills will be found sufficient. These pills leave no unpleasant after effect. One pill taken each night during thirty days will cure constipation.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

opened with selections by the band, then came the carnival of butterflies by the little folks, with the butterfly fairies, cupids and frogs. It was beautiful done. Mr. Robt. Seely of St. John made his debut before a St. George audience and was well received. Mr. Seely possesses a charming voice of power and finish, his enunciation was so clear not a word was lost, in response to an encore he gave "The Blacksmith," Miss Hudson's flexible voice was heard to advantage in her reading "The Race for Life" showing her to be master of her art, every movement being graceful and itself. Miss Bessie O'Brien gave in her usual pleasing style "Alma's Ann," "Daisy's Faith," by little Alice Ludgate, and came to my Tea Party by Florence Drumgold, and were finely given. The Military drill by twelve young ladies elicited rounds and rounds of applause. The Grecian Drill and Living Pictures by six young ladies who went through a series of poses and attitudes well known in Grecian history showed Miss Hudson to be an excellent instructor. Mr. and Mrs. Allen of New York with their child ren, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. Dykeman.

Mrs. (Dr.) Dick, Miss Dick, Mr. Daniel Gillmor, and children arrived from Montreal on Saturday. Mr. Colla Campbell who has been visiting his parents returned to Montreal on Monday via St. Stephen. Mr. George Frawley has returned to Boston having been called home to attend the funeral of his mother the late Mrs. John Frawley. Miss Ella MacVicar, Miss Lizzie Milne, and Miss Josephine Murray left on Monday for St. Stephen to attend the examination for entrance to the Normal school.

Mr. Kimball, principal of the grammar school has returned to his home in Marystown. Miss Nellie Stuart St. Andrews is visiting her friend Miss Eulalia O'Brien.

It is with deepest regret I write of the death of a charming woman which occurred in Bridgetown last week, Mrs. F. M. Young, the only child of Mrs. Abram Young, who from her girlhood was a general favorite. Mrs. Young has for several years past resided in Bridgetown, where her husband, Rev. F. M. Young had charge of the Baptist church and by her many attractive qualities had endeared herself to all with whom she was brought in contact. On the arrival of the train, Tuesday morning, she was taken to the cemetery where a short service was conveyed by Rev. H. A. Lavett. The body was accompanied by Rev. F. M. Young and family, Mr. and Mrs. Abram Young, St. George, Mr. A. Young, St. John and two ladies and a gentleman from Bridgetown who have the sympathy of all in their sad affliction.

AMHERST.

[Progress is for sale at Amherst by H. V. Purdy.]

July 7.—The festival on Monday evening in the Aberdeen rink by the Amherst orchestra was a genuine "value received" affair in every way the sum total being a delightful success that we hope to have repeated during the summer. The large rink was gay with gracefully festooned bunting, groups of flags, and lots of evergreen. Attractive booths were arranged along the sides and patronized to the entire satisfaction of those in charge. The strawberries and cream were dispensed by Mrs. Sterne, Mrs. G. W. Cook, and Mrs. T. S. Rogers, and the ice cream was generously served by Mrs. F. B. Robb, Miss Purdy, Miss Owen Main, and Miss Phipps. The pretty waitresses were Bessie Scudiffe, Gertrude Hillcoat, Brenda Milne, Lena Welling, Lottie Munro, Mabel Punsley, Grace Steele, and May Love who wore jaunty little white caps and as they busily flitted to and fro to ever so many little tables to serve their numerous patrons, created quite a European effect.

The orchestra acquitted themselves tamously, although much of the music was lost in the general buzz of the large audience, there was plenty left to suit the most critical. Prof. Sterne is the capable and talented leader of the orchestra which includes T. S. Rogers, F. B. Robb, G. W. Cook, F. B. Wilson, Messrs. Lusby, H. Purdy, Mr. Mead, Geo. Douglas, C. Black, A. Robb, and Charlie Hillcoat. Miss Dorothy Webb violinist, of Sackville, assisted the orchestra charmingly. She has been the guest of Mrs. F. B. Robb for a few days and closes her large class in town this week.

Mrs. Bolton Smith gave a large and very pretty afternoon tea on Tuesday at her home on Victoria street. Miss Sarah McKinnon also gave a tea to a number of friends on Monday last.

Miss Lowerison, Misses Tighe and Miss Cutler have returned from a short trip to Fredericton. Mrs. Thorne of St. John returned with them to visit her parents Capt. and Mrs. Lowerison.

Miss Howard of St. John is the guest of her sister Mrs. James McFadden.

Mrs. Coates of Richibucto is visiting her daughter Mrs. Fraser.

Miss Hunter of Moncton is the guest of Mrs. David Smith.

Mr. A. McKenzie of Halifax is visiting his friend Mr. M. McKinnon, Church street.

Mrs. A. D. Ross went to Bay Verte on Monday to visit Mrs. Stanley Sutherland.

Mrs. Clarence Tremblay's friends are pleased to hear of her return home from Montreal much improved in health although she will still be confined to her home for the summer.

Can't Eat

This is the complaint of thousands at this season. They have no appetite; food does not relish. They need the toning up of the stomach and digestive organs, which a course of Hood's Sarsaparilla will give them. It also purifies and enriches the blood, cures that distress after eating and internal misery only a dyspeptic can know, creates an appetite, overcomes that tired feeling and builds up and sustains the whole physical system. It so promptly and efficiently relieves dyspeptic symptoms and cures nervous headaches, that it seems to have almost "a magic touch."

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills aid digestion. 25c.

ITCHING SKIN DISEASES

SPEDDY CURE TREATMENT for torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning, and scalp diseases with loss of hair.—Warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP, gentle applications of CUTICURA Ointment, and full doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, prompt relief of blood parasites and humor cures.

Cuticura

It is sold throughout the world. FORTER DREW & CO. CHICAGO, Sole Proprietors. Boston, Mass. "How to Cure Itching Skin Diseases," free.

RED ROUGH HANDS

Softened and Healed by CUTICURA SOAP.

Miss Alice Page went to Shediac on Tuesday to stay a few weeks, Mrs. B. D. Bent and children also went to Shediac on Monday for a short outing. Mr. H. J. Lagan, M. P. has returned from Ottawa. Mr. Chipman of Boston is visiting Dr. and Mrs. Black.

Miss Nettie Steele of Chelsea spent the week with her uncle, Dr. Steele, Rupert street. Mr. Warren Steele also returned from Boston this week and is heartily welcomed by his friends in town.

Mrs. W. Tupper came from Truro this week to spend the summer with Mrs. D. W. Robb. The Misses Pipes who have been at the capital for a couple of weeks came home on Tuesday. Mrs. Thos. Dunlap also returned from Halifax on Tuesday.

Miss Lillian Church of San Jose, Cal., came on Tuesday to visit friends in this county, she went to Port Greville today to visit her aunts Mrs. Elderkin and Miss E. Page.

Mrs. H. G. Ketchum was in town on Monday. Mrs. Milner and family arrived from Ottawa this week to visit relatives in town, at present they are guests at Grove cottage Mrs. Milner's former home. Senator Dickey returned from Ottawa with them. Mr. and Mrs. Peabody of St. John were in town this week.

GREENWICH.

July 6.—Miss Helen Pickett is in Newport, R. I. visiting her sister Miss Pickett, matron of Newport hospital.

Miss Edith Belyea is home for the vacation. Miss Jennie Holder made a visit to Fredericton, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Vanwart and family are here and intend spending the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Vincent and family are also spending the summer at their residence here.

Mr. and Mrs. McAlpine and family are spending the summer here.

Miss Blanche Richards has returned from a visit to St. John.

Mr. Fred Pickett spent Sunday with his parents. Mr. E. R. Machum spent Sunday with his family here.

Mr. and Mrs. Barch, St. John, spent Sunday with friends here.

Capt. A. L. Peatman spent Sunday at home. Mrs. E. Akery is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. H. Whelpier.

Brown's Flat, the Beulah camp grounds and vicinity have been quite lively for this past week. The free baptists holding their district meetings at the flats and the Alliance at Brown's wharf, have attracted large crowds. On Sunday the steamer, Aberdeen, Springfield and Hampstead all loaded, were at the wharf at one time.

The orangemen of the different lodges on the Kennebecasis and other points on the river intend holding an excursion to Brown's flat on the 12th, the star Aberdeen has been engaged to carry them.

Much sympathy is expressed for Mr. Zebulon Richards and family in the death of his brother William which occurred at the Public Hospital last week. The funeral took place at Oak Point on Saturday.

The friends of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Belyea intend celebrating their fifth anniversary on Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Begle will make a visit to Fredericton and vicinity next week.

Mr. Ralph Fowler of St. John spent Sunday with his parents at Elmwood.

RICHIBUCTO.

[Progress is for sale at Richibucto by Theodore F. Graham.]

July 7.—Rev. Mr. DeWitt occupied the pulpit of Chalmers church on Sunday evening last.

Judge Wells on Monday was in town on Monday. Col. W. A. D. Stevens of Dorchester was in town on Monday on his way to the fishing ground at Kouchibouctou.

Master Honston Livingston of Harcourt is spending a few days in the neighborhood.

Mr. Christie of St. John was in town on Tuesday. Miss Ferguson returned on Monday from a pleasant trip to St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Carter arrived home on Monday from their bridal trip and have taken up their residence on Grand street.

Rev. Wm. A. Allen of Newcastle was in town last Thursday, while in this vicinity he was the guest of Dr. W. A. and Mrs. Ferguson Kingston.

Mrs. I. B. Oakes of Wolfville N. S. is visiting her sister Mrs. Alex Carson in Kingston.

Miss Orr was a passenger over the R. U. Ry on Monday returning to her home in Jardineville from St. John, where she has for the past twelve years been teaching. Miss Orr will next week be a principal in an interesting event which takes place in St. John's church, Kingston and will shortly take up a permanent residence in St. John; her many friends in this section, where she is well and favorably known, wish her a pleasant journey in life.

The ladies of St. Mary's church of England will have a lawn social in the rectory grounds next Tuesday afternoon and evening.

Miss Grierson has returned from Dorchester for the vacation.

BENTON, CARLETON CO.

July 7.—A very pretty wedding took place this afternoon at four o'clock at the residence of the bride's parents on York street, when Miss Janet S. Murray only daughter of George Murray, of Murdoch, Murray and Arscott Co., was united in marriage to Mr. W. F. Dewitt Jarvis, of London Ont., of the firm of Arscott Co., Benton. As the wedding march was being played, the bride, who was given away by her father, took her place under a beautiful floral arch in front of a bay window. She wore a rich dress of white silk with pearl trimmings and carried a bouquet of white roses, was attended by her cousin, Miss Jean Saunders as maid of honor.

Rev. Harry Harrison performed the ceremony. The persons in which the ceremony took place were elegantly decorated with flowers and ferns. About one hundred guests were present all of whom were relatives. The presents were many and costly. After luncheon was served the happy couple amid showers of rice etc., left on the evening's express for an extended trip through the Maritime provinces. On their return they will reside in Benton.

THE ENCHANTED MEA.

The Tradition of an Indian City on a Rock Seven Hundred Feet High.

When Prof. William Libby of Princeton University reaches New Mexico early in July he will enter upon researches in the Acoma country that are likely to prove of absorbing interest to students of archæology the world over. Romance, song and story have clustered about this spot for more than two centuries.

Near the centre of the plains of Acoma—a vast expanse of wild prairie land, situated west by south of Albuquerque some seventy five miles—rises a rectangular rock of red and gray sandstone, shaped like the figure 8, with perpendicular sides 700 feet high. This rock is called 'Mesa Encantada'—enchanted mesa. The outcroppings of stone project from the face of the walls at the top, making the summit wholly inaccessible. The top of this elevated tableland or mesa covers an area of some forty acres. Here there flourished, according to tradition, in the sixteenth century, a thrifty community of "pueblo" or village Indians, the Acomas, who then numbered about 1,500 souls. They cultivated their corn, chill, and bean patches in the valley near the foot of the rock, pastured their stock thereabouts, and made their homes on the tableland, their only means of ascent and descent being narrow steps cut in the stone on the east side, and reaching an elevation of about 300 feet, whence, through a large, the entrance of which was arched like that of some great cathedral, the way is supposed to lead into the rock and up another flight of steps, or, perhaps, a series of them, to the top, where were located their rude yet well kept and frugal homes, constructed of stone and sun-dried adobe bricks.

One day, the story goes, an awful calamity came to this community of red men. While the younger men of the village, the women and children were engaged in their fields below, a terrific storm came on, and a bolt of lightning struck the projecting rock in which the steps were cut, completely demolishing it, and effacing all trace of their improvised stairway from the ground up 300 feet to the cathedral-like entrance. The aged men and women and the infant children who had been left in the house on the mesa were forever cut off from their kinsmen below these, and these, in turn, were unable to ascend to their homes. To add to their distress, the falling stones had crushed to death a score or more of those who had taken shelter from the storm at the base of the rock. Many sorrowful days and nights ran into weeks, until finally no sad face peered over the jagged edge of the rocks above to greet the wistful watchers from below, and they knew that all their people at that fearful fate and perished from hunger and thirst.

Then the sorrowing Acomas gathered together their scanty effects, and carrying their wounded on crude litters woven from the spines of the ample plant, wandered away into the desert in search of a new home.

They founded their second village two miles distant, on top of a mesa rock almost the counterpart of their previous home, though not so high by, perhaps, 150 feet and there they built of stone and mud and adobe timbers, transported on their backs up a rocky declivity nearly 600 impregnable fortress in time of danger, the wonder and admiration of hundreds of American tourists who visit the place, particularly in September, when their feasts are in progress.

In the calamity which befell the 'enchanted mesa' it is said 300 souls perished. In the revolt of 1680 against Spanish rule the Spanish Catholic missionary stationed on the 'enchanted mesa, with the Acomas was the only priest who escaped the wrath of the Pueblo Indians and was not killed. When the Spaniards besieged the base of the rock the Indian women sacked the village church and were on the verge of stoning the friar to death, but he made his escape and jumped from the top of the mesa, landing uninjured 700 feet below. That he made the leap in safety is ascribed to the fact that his outer garment was a large sarape—a heavy blanket having an opening in its centre which fits over the head and brings the blanket down over the shoulders—which in his flight downward served the purpose of a parachute. This priest was afterwards captured by the Acoma warriors, who, after a council of war, decided that he must surely be either saint or devil to have successfully made so miraculous a leap, and upon his consenting to renounce his religion he was taken to their home and became one of them. Subsequently he married one of the belles of the village, and his descendants are today among the sturdiest sons and daughters of the pueblo of Acoma.

That Prof. Libby, should he carry out his expressed intention of scaling the walls of 'Mesa Encantada' and reaching the tableland, will find in the ruins there a rich and valuable assortment of prehistoric treasures is scarcely to be questioned. About the base of the rock are to be found at this date many fragments of beautiful pottery, the rich coloring of which centuries of exposure to the elements has not effaced, and since the Acomas have always been noted for the superiority of their earthenware as well as their expertness in the production of gold and silver ornaments, jewelry, &c., no doubt the explorers will be abundantly rewarded for their undertaking.

EXPERT SAFE OPENING.

A Proposal That Came to an Expert From Burglars Through a Detective.

Opening refractory vaults, safes, and burglar proof chests is a science in itself, and is surrounded by the utmost secrecy by those who make a living out of it. In a talk a man who has been in the business forty years said: 'The essential qualifications which a successful safe opener must possess is an intimate and instinctive knowledge of the mechanism and workings of every variety of combination lock. He must be born to the profession and possess acute mechanical perception.'

'Nearly every obstinate safe which I am called upon to open presents unique conditions demanding new and individual treatment. The nature of the difficulty

must be correctly diagnosed in advance, or the lock will remain obdurate, for machinery does not move by chance. 'The biggest bait ever held out to me came in the form of a proposal from a detective with whom I was well acquainted. It had been supposed that the locks made by a certain firm of safe manufacturers proof against the manipulations of burglars and experts, but a few days before I was approached by the detective I had been called upon to open one of these safes and had succeeded. The incident gave rise to much comment.

'As I was sitting alone in my office the detective entered and asked me if I did not wish to make some money. I replied that I was in the business for just that purpose. He then questioned me closely as to my ability to open the particular kind of lock in question. When satisfied that I was easily able to do so, he said: 'I'll tell you how you can grab off a hundred thousand dollars without the least trouble. The boys know where there is a safe of this kind which contains \$200,000 in paper currency. It is easy to get at, and all you'll have to do is walk in, after they have opened the way, unlock the safe, take out \$100,000 and leave the remainder for them. It's the easiest kind of money.'

TRAT TROCHA OF WYLLIE.

As a Piece of Military Engineering it is not Impressive.

At Guansay we leave the railroad and take a vehicle to see the trocha, which lies along the highway to Mariel, says C. M. Pepper in the Chicago Tribune. Not caring for an escort, we had not asked for a military pass at headquarters. The officer in charge, when our identity is established waives the formality, and we jog along at a pace which enables us to form a good impression of the trocha. As a piece of military engineering or a strategic work it does not particularly impress our civilian eyes. We see three rows of posts running parallel through the fields and parallel to the road. They are four feet high and the three lines of barb wire which are stretched along appear to be about six feet apart. As the whole country is open the approach to this triple line of barbed wire is easily commanded from the earth-works which have been thrown up along the roadside. Inside the earth-works runs the ditch, which we had always supposed was the chief feature of the trocha. It is about 150 feet back from the wire fences. The earth-works line at short distances is hollowed out and lined with stones. It is exactly as if rough bowls of stone had been set down in them. At greater distances are the square stone forts. The other side of the road is lined with earthworks and fortifications in the same way.

This is the appearance the trocha presents today between Guansay and Mariel. We were told it conforms to topography of the country where it extends through the marshes and swamps to the sea. While it might be little obstacle to a regular body of troops with light artillery, it is not hard to see that the barrier must be serious to a few thousand half-armed insurgents. When the trocha was guarded by thousands of soldiers, who swarmed into the bowl-shaped fortinas, the larger forts, and behind the breastworks, we can understand that Maceo could only lead a few hundred of his followers through it in the swampy country by stealth. No general assault could prevail.

The trocha is still well guarded, but many of the troops have been sent to Santa Clara and other places in the western part of the island. In addition to the volunteers 2000 regular soldiers are stationed at Guansay, a large force to hold a small section of a peaceful country. The insurgents are still plentiful in the hills.

Though Col. Cárdenas whose troops unknowingly killed Maceo, is in Spain receiving the homage of a popular hero, the insurgents do not respect the trocha. We hear of a brush they had only three nights ago with the troops. They came up from the south within the lines of the trocha at night, made a 'rodillo,' or round-up, of a lot of cattle, and drove the whole herd off in triumph. There was plenty of firing, but the invaders left no dead or wounded on the field. Reckless devils those insurgents. Beef is very scarce. Rarely do the Spanish soldiers taste it. Perhaps they are enjoying the insurgents in the hills.

The drive back from Mariel to Guansay is improved to note the life of the trocha. It cannot be a pleasant one. They sleep in hammocks swung over the bare earth, which at this season is a quagmire. After the rains the malaria steams up from it. Judging from the number of soldiers who are shivering in their blankets the fever must be widespread. Some of the men on picket duty and in the watch towers of the fortinas must also be suffering, for they have the blankets drawn tightly over their heads and their teeth are chattering. A few are possibly convalescents, for these are mounted and with a comrade on either side are making a brave march for the railway station. And all this sickness is at the beginning of the rainy season.

DIED.

CALHOUN—Minton Brook, Ontario, 28th June, Capt. John Calhoun, formerly of this city, 71 years of age.

Dominion Atlantic R'y.

On and after 3rd July, 1897, the Steamship and Train service of this Railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert,

DAILY SERVICE (Sunday excepted). Lve. St. John at 7:00 a.m., arr. Digby 9:30 a.m. Lve. Digby at 1:00 p.m., arr. St. John, 3:30 p.m.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted). Lve. Halifax 5:50 a.m., arr. in Digby 11:55 a.m. Lve. Digby 12:05 p.m., arr. Yarmouth 3:40 p.m. Lve. Halifax 8:00 a.m., arr. Digby 12:40 p.m. Lve. Digby 12:55 p.m., arr. Yarmouth 3:00 p.m. Lve. Yarmouth 7:15 a.m., arr. Digby 9:45 a.m. Lve. Digby 10:05 a.m., arr. Halifax 4:50 p.m. Lve. Yarmouth 8:30 a.m., arr. Digby 10:50 a.m. Lve. Digby 10:15 a.m., arr. Halifax 3:30 p.m. Lve. Annapolis 7:00 a.m., arr. Digby 8:20 a.m. Lve. Digby 4:45 p.m., arr. Annapolis 6:06 p.m.

Fullman Palace Buffet Parlor Cars run daily on express trains between Halifax and Yarmouth and Halifax and Annapolis. Passenger cars can be obtained on application to City Agent.

Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, and from the Purser on steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained.

W. R. CAMPBELL, Gen. Man'gr.

K. SUTHERLAND, Super'intendent.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

There will be sold at Public Auction at Chubb's Corner (so called) in the City of St. John in the province of New Brunswick, on SATURDAY the fourth day of August next, at the hour of fifteen minutes after twelve o'clock P. M. of the said day: All the right title and interest of Thomas Youngkins in and to the leasehold premises described as: All the certain lot of land situate lying and being in Dufferin Ward in the City of Saint John on the Southwestern corner of Mill and Main Streets bounded and described as follows: Beginning at the said Southwestern corner of Mill and Main Streets thence running westerly along the Southern line of Main Street forty two feet nine inches, thence southerly at right angles to said Southern line of Main Street forty seven feet nine inches, thence southerly parallel to Mill Street thence easterly twenty six feet, thence at right angles Easterly sixty feet to the Western line of Mill Street, thence along the said Western line of Mill Street Northwesterly forty nine feet more or less to the place of beginning being the northern portion of lot E number two as shown on plan number five of the subdivision of the Estate of Robert F. Haven. Together with the buildings and erections thereon standing and being.

The same having been levied on and seized by me the undersigned Sheriff, and under an execution issued out of the Supreme Court against the said Thomas Youngkins at the suit of CALDER McINTYRE.

Dated the eighth day of May A. D. 1897.

H. LAWRENCE STUBBS, Sheriff of the City and County of Saint John, N. B.

H. A. McKeown, Plaintiff's Attorney.

must be correctly diagnosed in advance, or the lock will remain obdurate, for machinery does not move by chance.

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Another Matter.

Strict devotion to the truth is commendable, but it sometimes leads to curious situations. A young man who was paying court to a young lady was thus addressed by her mother, who was perhaps not the most agreeable person in the world: 'And so you want me for a mother-in-law?' 'Ah, ah, it's not exactly that,' stammered the young man, 'but I don't see how I can marry your daughter without your being my mother-in-law!'

Romain Bussine.

Officier d'academie, Professor at the Conservatory of Music, Paris.

Paris, March, 1897.

Madam:—I am still under the agreeable impression conveyed by the excellence of the Fratte piano and I am happy to say so. The purity and evenness of the tone are really perfect and added to these precious qualities is the delicacy of the touch. It is impossible to find a better instrument.

(Signed) ROMAIN BUSSINE.

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H. A. McKeown, Plaintiff's Attorney.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY JULY 10, 1897.

A SAD TALE OF THE SEA.

IT HAPPENED LONG AGO AND WAS NOT OF LATE OCCURRENCE.

But it Made a Great Commotion When it was Told to the Neighbors as a Recent Happening—Strange Freaks of the Great Bore and Fandy Tides.

We were driving along in the medicine wagon on the banks of the Petitcodiac River, in New Brunswick, within sound of that tidal freak known as the Bore, when Wilson told me this story. There has been considerable written about the Bore already, mostly untruths; but it is only fair to the writers to state that they had never met the Bore personally, and it is really surprising the amount of interesting information which can be given about almost anything, when the writer is not confined to dry material facts. The Petitcodiac is a river to be proud of. The Thames and the Mississippi are well enough in their way; but they are brilliant simply as rivers. Now, the Petitcodiac isn't much of a river as rivers go, but as a variety show and refined vaudeville where parents may bring their children without fear, it runs alone. Its office as a river is a minor one—where it shines is as a fertilizer factory, and also as a roadbed when the tide is out. The Bore is generally confused in the minds of geographers and others, with the high tides of the Bay of Fundy, and its height is given as from thirty, to one hundred and fifty feet. The Bore itself is only a product of these high tides, being the result produced when the tides rush up certain narrow estuaries. Its height is about six or seven feet. The moment you land in this neighborhood you are asked if you have seen the Bore. If you say "No" you are attacked by people bent on showing it to you for nothing. There seems to be a portion of the community whose sole object in life is showing the Bore to unoffending strangers, and if you get mad and refuse to look at it you are regarded with suspicion, and they refuse to buy your goods. This is the only natural Bore in the country, but there are hundreds of most unnatural ones ready to drag you away and make you look at it.

When the tide goes out in the Bay of Fundy waters it seems to be in two minds as to whether or not it will ever come in again. The flats are exposed dry and hard for miles and there is not a drop of water to be seen in the river. This may seem like a geographers tale, but I am prepared to believe and defend anything about these Fundy tides. If an old inhabitant were to tell me that they went out once and didn't come back for a week, I should accept his story without question. It is said by men who ought to know better, that this tide has been named after a temperance lecturer from Halifax who came down here once to run as member for the county. The people repudiated him and he wandered out on the flats to dree his weird. He met the tide coming. For a time neither would give way, but as the tide was very high at the time and broad in proportion, and as the rejected candidate was determined to run for something, he decided to yield and run for his life. No one seems to know whether he got in or not, as he was never seen there afterwards. The tradition is that this tidal freak was named after him.

The tide leaves a valuable deposit behind it, in the shape of fertilizing mud, which the farmers gather and spread on their fields. Probably the only reason it has for leaving this behind is that it is an article for which the owner has no further use; for it takes away everything else it comes across and could easily take this mud also if it wished. This work of gathering fertilizer must be done between tides and there are frequently exciting contests between the farmers and the Bore which frees agriculture in this district from much of that monotony which usually attends it. When a boy I used to envy the early settlers who to guard against Indian attacks had to carry a rifle with them to the field when working; but that could not have been half so exciting as gathering fertilizer with one eye (so to speak) and watching for the bore with the other.

It was Wilson I say, who told me the story about the little children who were drowned; and it was made all the more thrilling by the romantic and perilous nature of our surroundings at the time, clinging as we were to the frail top of a medicine wagon and looking down from that giddy height at the busy world far beneath our feet.

Wilson was a fellow I took with me because he wanted to come; he said he could make himself "a general help." He also said he wasn't well and thought travel would do his health good and improve his mind. He didn't know exactly what was the matter with him but said it was "something inside." I had been looking at him carefully in case he might have leprosy or warts or something but when he said it was inside I knew in a minute what it was, and decided to take him along with me and see if I couldn't cure him. There is nothing in the world better for Wilson's disease than rubbing down horses, two to be taken at a dose, or nailing up medicine signs in the rain.

When he told me the story there was a tremor in his voice and a very tender look in his eyes, and I thought to myself, "Poor old Wilson, he's a soft-hearted chap, too!" Then when he took advantage of the occasion to ask for tobacco, I handed him my pouch without a word. The story was about two little girls, who toddled out over the flats to play on a chain of rocks some distance from the shore, which the tide left exposed when it retreated. The poor little innocents were having a tea party with a fine clam-shell service, and they forgot all about the tide until they heard the roar as it came rushing in. They were soon washed off the rocks and drowned. The story was a simple one enough, but the affecting way in which he told it really impressed me. He was so overcome that he let the horse wander from the road up on to a stone pile, where the animal hung his head over the fence and tried to get a little sleep. Wilson sighed softly to himself and winked rapidly as he straightened the brute out again. I thought then that he was winking to repress the hot, bursting tears but I know better now. I looked out across the long stretch of dark brown flats, so recently the scene of that simple tragedy, and imagined to myself that the waves looked cruel and angry still. I found out afterwards that I was wrong; they had got all over it where we saw them.

I asked him if they had found the bodies yet.

"No" he said, "not yet." The sad occurrence occupied my thoughts until we reached the next village, a little further on. I asked the hotel keeper if they had found the bodies of the little girls yet.

"Which little girls?" he asked. I told the sad story just as Wilson had told it to me, and he became greatly excited; said he had heard nothing about it but it was terribly sad. "Do you know their names?" he asked. I said I did not, but Wilson probably would. I went to look for Wilson and found him in the bar. There were tears in his eyes still, but they were tears of joy now. He had apparently forgotten all about the little innocents, as he had called them, and their sad death.

I looked at him reproachfully and asked him for the name of the little children.

"Which little children?" he said. He had a beer-mug up to his face and gazed at me through it as though it were an eyeglass.

"The little children who were drowned" I said sternly.

"Never knew them—Oh yes, Johnson was the name, I think."

I went out and told the name to the little group that had gathered to look at the horse.

"Johnson!" the hotel keeper said. "That must be Squire Johnson's little girls. The square will feel mighty bad; them's the only young-ones he had. I guess we better go over and help to search for the bodies, boys."

We fed the horse and were setting forth from the village, when we overtook the hotel-keeper and eight or nine others, setting forth laden down with grappling irons and ropes. They said they were just starting out to look for the bodies, and I spoke a few kind words of encouragement to them. After we had passed them Wilson said:

"What bodies?" "What bodies!" I said sarcastically ignoring his condition. "What bodies do

Two Entrances { 27 and 29 King Street, } Furniture Warehouse, 13 and 15 { 39 and 41 Germain St. } GENERAL TELEPHONE, 123. CARPET DEP'T TELEPHONE, 864. FURNITURE DEP'T TELEPHONE, 979.

HAMMOCKS



With one Spreader, 75c.; with two Spreaders, \$1.00. With Pillow and one Spreader, \$1.00. Canvas Weave, with one Spreader, \$1.25; with Pillow and one Spreader, \$1.35. Canvas Weave, with one Pillow and one Spreader, \$1.60 and \$1.80; with Valance, Pillow and one Spreader, \$2.75; with Valance, Pillow, Spreader, and two Wooden Bars, \$3.15; do., extra large, \$4.00. Child's Hammock, with two Curved Spreaders, 90c.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

you suppose they would be going to look for?"

He said he didn't know, but supposed from the appearance of the implements they were taking with them, that it would be dead bodies.

Then he became a little nettled at the way I had spoken, and said he wasn't an undertaker nor a compiler of life insurance statistics, neither was he personally in the patent medicine business, and so couldn't be expected to take the deep interest in death and all its surroundings that I did. But would I kindly tell him if any one was drowned in the vicinity?

"Is there anyone drowned?" I repeated after him. "Do you mean to say that your mind is so befuddled with liquor that you have forgotten about the death of those poor babies who were swept out with the tide back there and drowned? Those men have gone to search for the bodies."

Then Wilson dropped the reins and began to laugh like a fool. After he had kept this up for a while I said "Perhaps you may see something funny in the death of two tender little children, but I confess it does not appeal to me in that way. How you would have enjoyed the Johnstown flood if you had been there—and its a pity you weren't. I suppose you have no thought for the sorrowing parents. It never occurred to you, did it, (I was getting indignant now as well as sarcastic) that you were a heartless idiot or that—"

"No" he broke in, "I never thought about any of those things; but I would like to hear that relief party curse you, when they find that those children were drowned over thirty years ago!"

THOMAS M. FRASER.

FRENCH ARTISTS MODELS

Their Work, Their Wages, and the Life They Lead.

The art season of Paris is now in full swing, and everybody is occupied with it. We are to rely on the opinions of the critics, neither of the two rival salons is up to the mark this year. Let us, therefore, leave the artists and turn to their models, of whom many interesting things may be said. The model does not earn so much as might be expected. The sitting lasts half a day, and is paid at the rate of four francs for men and five for women. There are exceptional cases in which the remuneration is higher. The man model has one advantage over the woman model—his figure does not change so quickly, whereas the woman model, after four or five years, is no longer fit for the service. The record for posing was held for some time by an Italian named Fousco, who began to sit when he was only two years old, and continued to sit up to the age of seventy-six. He was called the King of Models, and bore that title on his cards. All painters knew Gelon, who is sixty-five, and whose robust form still furnishes a good model. The same number of years have also passed over the head of Mezerino, who has posed for Romans to a generation of artists, thanks to his aquiline nose, his regular profile and the energetic expression of his face. Another type was Schlumberger, who died a couple of years ago, and whose blue eyes, heavy mustache, blond hair and fair complexion enabled him to sit for the 'Last of the Gauls.' The black model was for a long while represented by Salem of Timbuctoo, who said he was formerly a prince in his native land. He fought

in the war of 1870 71, and though decorated with the Legion of Honor and in receipt of a small pension, resorted to posing to increase his income. He was for many years employed by Gustave Boulanger.

Although the man model has not the same resources as the woman model, yet he finds means of augmenting his earnings. The most successful method is to have many children, and to introduce them to the studios as soon as they can walk. Other models, having acquired a taste for painting, study the art, and manage to get a living out of it. One of these models, an Italian, who figures in a picture by Levy at the Luxembourg, is professor of painting at one of the city schools. Another named Colorosi has founded an 'atelier,' for which he has obtained the support of some of the masters for whom he has served as a model; his pupils are numerous. Soci, another Italian model, has established an agency for the supply of models to the painters. Mention must also be made of Dubosq, who by dint of economy scraped together not less than 20,000 francs. When he died he left his little fortune to the School of Fine Arts, to be spent in increasing the pensions of the Prix de Rome.

Some painters rarely employ professional models. Roll, for example, draws his soldiers from the barracks. Jean Beraud, when he has workmen to produce, gets them from the workshops. L'Hermitte chooses his peasants from the fields, and Renault his sailors from the seashore. Sometimes the painter makes use of 'sosies,' or striking likenesses. The most celebrated 'sosie' was an old costermonger in the Quartier Latin, who was the very image of Victor Hugo. He sat for almost all the portraits of the post to be found in the picture shops. Nearly all the man models are Italians, who live chiefly in the Rue des Boulangers, the Rue Saint Victor, and the Avenue du Maine. They congregate in the Place Pigalle, at Montmartre, where the painters abound, and where they are hired.

I have said above that the woman model does not last long. There are, however, exceptions. The most remarkable was Josephine, who posed in the 'ateliers' of the porcelain manufactory of Sevres up to 45 years of age, and received a pension from the Government. During the whole of that period she never wore stays. Sometimes the model is married. This was the case with a German woman named Celestine

Gurr, who came to Paris after the war and was engaged by Cabanel. She was not particularly handsome, but her build was perfection itself, and her husband was jealous of her. On the first day Gurr arrived with his wife, and while she posed before a score of students he sat down in a corner of the studio. This kind of guardianship aroused the students, who resolved to put a stop to it. The next day, on the arrival of the couple, all sorts of unpleasant tricks were played on Gurr. He resisted stoically for that day but he was bound to confess himself beaten, and did not return to the school. His wife then came alone to pose.

Many models, after having given up their profession, are seized with nostalgia and return to the study. Mme. Lucienne G—, who kept a shop on the Boulevard Raspail, furnishes an instance of this kind. On leaving the 'atelier' she got married and set up in business. All went well for six years, when she suddenly deserted her husband and the shop and again became a model. A short time after she disappeared, and the artists say she was carried off by a rich amateur painter. Good models we are told, are becoming rarer every day. Many of the masters however, have their own models, who are not allowed to sit for anybody else. Such, for example, is Emma who has become the faithful model of Gerome and accompanies him in all his artistic journeys in the summer, and in the winter lives in a snug apartment on the Boulevard de Clichy. A Belgian woman named Alice, after having first appeared in the studio of Pavis de Chavannes, went over to Henner, to whom she sits for his luminous nudités. Martha, who was born in Senegal, is much sought after for Oriental subjects; she poses frequently for Benjamin Constant. Next to these models come Blanche Briant, Laure Serepan, Alice Baudet, Corine, and Eliza Duval; all of them are engaged by the greatest masters. Notice must also be taken of Sarah Brown, of English origin, as her name indicates, who was one of the most beautiful models ever seen; she sat for Jules Lefebvre, and died a year ago. Another extraordinary model was Victorine, who posed in several of the pictures of Manet. The majority of models on quitting the 'atelier' get married. It not unfrequently happens that the painter marries his own model. Others less fortunate have to resort to needlework to earn their daily bread. A certain number join the ranks of the demi-monde, become notorious, and in that way pass the rest of their lives, or commit suicide, as was the case the other day, when two of them put an end to their existence. Such, in conclusion, is the way the artists' models live and die in Paris.—London Globe.

How Old are You? It makes no difference whether you answer or not. It is always true that "a woman is as old as she looks." Nothing sets the seal of age upon a woman's beauty so deeply, as gray hair. The hair loses its color generally from lack of nutrition. If you nourish the hair, the original color will come back. That is the way that the normal color of the hair is restored by Ayer's Hair Vigor. This testimonial will be found in full in Ayer's "Curebook" with a hundred others. Free. Address J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

SHORT'S "Dyspepticure" ACTS LIKE MAGIC IN ALL STOMACH TROUBLES. Cures Dyspepsia, Headache, Biliousness, etc. 50c. and \$1. From C. E. Snow, St. John, N. B., and druggists generally.

A STROKE OF CONSCIENCE

Mr. Marchmont sat alone in his city office, gloomily realizing the fact that he was a ruined man; and, worse still, that he had involved others in his own financial disasters...

gambled and embezzled. But to "wind up" his business would precipitate the discovery of his private malpractices; and with the natural desire of putting off the evil day as far as possible, Mr. Marchmont still clung to delay...

"It is very touching—and gratifying," he began, in a strangely altered voice. Then he suddenly collapsed, and fell on the floor—dead.



Tired? Oh, No. This soap SURPRISE greatly lessens the work. It's pure soap, lathers freely, rubbing easy does the work. The clothes come out sweet and white without injury to the fabrics. SURPRISE is economical, it wears well.

OTMAR MERGENTHALER. Descriptive Sketch of the Great Inventor of the Linotype. The Mergenthaler Linotype is generally admitted to be the finest ingenious machine in the world today.

stood that his royalties and salary give him \$50,000 a year, while his dividends in stock add largely to it. Still he lives in the same unpretentious style as when he was a workman, and his head, which is full of wheels in a different sense from the ordinary acceptance of that term, is constantly running on his inventions.

SOFT THUMBS AND THINGS. I write these lines holding my left thumb nearly perpendicular and keeping it well out of harm's way. It is tied up in a rag, and is both a painful and unsightly object.

This Hot Weather YOU ARE PHYSICALLY AND MENTALLY EXHAUSTED. Paine's Celery Compound is the Great Builder and Recuperator.

When I was in agony day and night, and scarcely able to bear the pain. I could neither sit or lie down, and for hours together I walked about the room. I applied mustard plasters, poultices, and fomentations, but nothing did me any good.

As a rule there is no pain following physical and mental exhaustion and debility. You know you are weak, faint, languid, have loss of memory, depression of spirits, with a wasting of flesh.

When I had taken the second bottle I got back to my work as strong as ever I was in my life. Mother Seigel's Syrup has restored me to perfect health—something I have not known for the past two years.

That wonderful stream (the blood) that runs to every part of the body, supplying the most minute nerves and tissues, is foul and poisoned. In your present condition your blood is not a life stream; it is a stagnant pool of disease and death.

Now my sore thumb is from the same cause—bad blood—not from an injury. I have tried poultices and so on, but they don't do a bit of good. I shall now try Mother Seigel. For inflamed thumbs, and inflamed muscles are 'hot boxes' on the same machine.

A Forty Year Old Grievance Removed. In Rath, Ont., Chases' Kidney Liver Pills are a standard remedy. Joseph Gardener, of this town, suffered 40 years with indigestion and its ever present accompaniments—constipation and headache.

Sunday Reading.

KEEPING BACK A PART.

'Say, Ted, let's earn some money.' 'How?' 'Don't you see that coal on the sidewalk?' and Jim pointed down the street to a place where a ton of coal had just been deposited.

'But likely the man himself is going to put it in?' 'Oh, no, he ain't! Can't you see that he's getting ready to go away. Come, let's hurry,' and Jim rushed down the street, followed by his companion.

They paused to take breathe in front of Mrs. Lange's door, and then Jim ventured inside of the house with his offer.

'Why, yes,' said the lady pleasantly; 'I'll be glad to have you put it in. I thought the man himself would do it, but I see he's gone off.'

So, armed with shovels and pail, the boys set to work to get in the ton of coal. It was hard work for such little fellows; they had to carry the coal around to the back of the house where the coal shed was, but they went at it bravely, and before long the pile on the sidewalk had grown considerably smaller.

Once Ted looked up and said: 'Say, Jim, that quarter won't divide even.'

'No more it won't,' was the reply. 'Ted want on; but what about the other cent?'

'I don't know,' Jim said, thoughtfully; 'we can't divide a cent, and it don't belong to any more than to the other.'

'There's your baby,' suggested Ted. 'Yes, but there's yours, too, and they can't both have it, and giving it to one more than to the other wouldn't be even.'

'I say, Jim! Ted suddenly exclaimed, as if a new and bright idea had occurred to him, 'there's the old blind man, corner Manhattan avenue.'

'That's so,' said Jim, 'and he's both of ours. He don't belong to me any more than to you, nor to your any more than to me. We both kinder own him, don't we?'

'Yes, we both helped him pick up his money the day he slipped, didn't we?'

'Of course; so he'll have the extra cent.' Having arranged that important matter, says a writer in an exchange, the two little fellows went to work again with such a will that inside of an hour the coal had entirely disappeared from the sidewalk.

'Now we're done,' cried Jim triumphant-ly. 'Yes, we're done,' echoed Ted. But had they finished? Down in the gutter was lying at least have a pail of coal, and Jim was asking himself this question as he happened to glance at it.

Ted came along and saw, too. Looking at Jim, he read his thoughts and said: 'Oh, pshaw! let's don't bother about that little bit; we're both too tired.'

'There's the dust on the sidewalk, too,' remarked Jim slowly: 'the putter in always cleans that off.'

'But we're not regular putter-ins,' argued Ted, as he straightened up to rest his aching back.

But Jim stared at the gutter and did not reply. 'What's the matter? What are you thinking of?' asked Ted.

'Why, I was thinking about that story that we heard down to the mission school—that one about the man and woman who was struck dead for lying.'

'Ananias and Sapphira,' corrected Jim, who was two years older than his companion, and could more easily remember hard names. 'Yes, that's them.'

'Well, what have we got to do with them? We ain't lying, nor we ain't keep anybody's money back, are we?'

'No, but—and Jim looked as if he scarcely knew how to express what he meant.

'But what?' said Ted, with wondering eyes. 'You see, it's just like this,' Jim went on, thoughtfully. 'That man down to mission school said it was the same if you kept back anything, even some of the work that you ought to do, and we're going to be paid for this, Ted, and it ain't done.'

'Well, then, lets take up the coal,' and Ted started for the shovel.

'All right, and I'll get the broom to sweep the sidewalk. It's better that way, ain't it, Ted?'

And Ted gave a wide little nod by way of reply.—Our Sunday Afternoon.

Our Time of Opportunity.

No finite mind can measure the momentous issues which may hang upon the decisions of a passing moment, upon the conclusions of the present hour. Hence the

vast importance of living day by day in the fear and love of God, under the guidance of his counsel and the direction of his Holy Spirit. Any moment may afford us the opportunity of a lifetime, and so any hour may be to us the hour of disaster and calamity. To-day is our time of opportunity. Let us improve it to the utmost, and see that our duties are done, our opportunities are improved, before they pass forever from us.—Christian Safe-guard.

LIVING UPSTAIRS.

The Advantages of Being Above Common Everyday Worries.

'Do you really enjoy living in the fourth story?' asked the caller, who had just walked up four flights of stairs, and consequently was somewhat tired and out of breath.

Indeed I do,' her hostess rejoined. 'Of course it is rather tiresome climbing, but it is so pleasant when we get here that we forget the climbing.'

'I suppose you do escape a good many annoyances that people have who live nearer the ground,' the caller said thoughtfully. 'Yes, that is one of the main advantages. Flies and mosquitoes don't trouble us, the dust very seldom gets up so high as this, and the noises of the street are so softened that they are rather musical than otherwise. Besides, you see what a beautiful view we have! and as the hostess drew aside the curtains, the visitor looked out upon the fresh greenness of a park that lay to one side, while in the other direction the great panoramas of the city unrolled itself.

'Yes, you are right,' the caller admitted; 'it is worth some trouble and effort to be above the little annoyances that worry most of us, and to have such a wide view for the eyes.'

In this bit of conversation, which took place not so very long ago in a Chicago 'flat,' there is a suggestion that is inspiring. Why should we not all live upstairs, not necessarily in our houses, but in our lives? We all know of people who live downstairs, even in the basement sometimes. All the little worries of life are like so many flies that buzz about, and will not be driven away. Little slights, such as come to us all, sting them like mosquitoes, and clouds of dust, which are formed of their own selfishness, keep them from seeing what is best and noblest in these about them. It is only a narrow and unlovely view of the world that they get, for they are so busy with the flies and mosquitoes and dust that they scarcely ever take time to look up to the blue sky, which they have as good a right to enjoy as have the people living in the top stories.

We are unfortunate if we do not count some of these latter among our acquaintances. They have got above the little worries and annoyances, so that the small trials of every-day life, the petty slights and misunderstandings, do not make them fretful and irritable. They live in pure, clear atmosphere of unselfishness and love, and for this reason get a beautiful view of their friends, the lovelier and nobler sides of their characters.

It is sort of living that we should aspire, though we cannot gain it through mere wishing. We must mount upward to it, step by step, treading down our faults and weaknesses. 'He won't do that; he is above it,' we often hear said of a person. It is that 'aboveness' that we should strive to reach. We want to be 'above' meanness untruth, uncharitable speaking, selfishness in any of its forms, as well as the petty worries by which we are so easily annoyed and stung. Only in this way can we get the best of life, and have the broadest and most beautiful view of the world and the friends among whom our lot has been cast.

BRIGHT FACES.

The Little Things by Which the Lives of Others are Brightened.

Rush and worry are characteristically typical of North American people and homes, for we are pre-eminently a stirring nation. In this busy life of ours into which so often a full, if not over-flowing, measure of care is pressed, do we personally feel under any obligation to present to our friends and the people with whom we come in contact a bright, cheery face?

There is always an inspiration, an unmeasurable influence, that radiates from a sunny countenance, and all members of the household of the King fall under this 'Noble-esse obliges.' Nothing on earth, humanly speaking, is more attractive than a bright sweet face, while the plainest becomes beautiful through the light which radiates from the heart; it we cultivate the garden of the soul, the harvest is an every-day reaping.

We are very prone to selfishness in this matter-of-fact atmosphere which commonly surrounds us, and perhaps we are apt to measure too exactly our duties, thus confining them to rats. Do not do it. Such rats have proved fatal to many lives which

God intended to be useful ones. The habit of drifting is equally fatal. History and observation both reveal to us that our noblest men and women, great of soul and single of purpose, have pulled against a strong current. It is God's plan for us; he never intended us to drift into the kingdom of heaven. If perhaps we deem ourselves weak, there are many weaker ones to help and sustain; and there will never be a time in this life of ours, let our environments be what they may, when we cannot be of service. Christ came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and his lifework on earth, his wealth of loving service, he bequeathed to his children.

A recent letter from a dear girl friend whispered to me of service, and wholly unconscious on her part because of the cultivation in the soul which bears the fruit of thought. She was in a public gathering where many were standing. She writes: 'A Frenchwoman near me had two heavy babies to hold, and as she looked as if she had more to care for than she was able, I held one. * * * If any of my pupils or friends could have seen me with a French baby in my arms, I think they would have been amused.'

She is a clergyman's daughter, and in her busy life is unconscious of this fruit of thought for others which she is constantly bearing, and her face is an inspiration of brightness.

A few years ago I attended, in New York, Convention of King's Daughters. I was early for the meeting, and seated near the altar I allowed the book which I had been reading to fall unheeded in my lap, as I watched an attractive face near me. It was certainly not a beautiful face through regularity of features, but it possessed that quality of beauty which is undefined, yet impresses us and invariably infuses brightness. It was a face through which the soul was shining; and the thought came to me that I had no need to be told she was a 'King's Daughter' inasmuch as her face bore the unmistakable seal. However, I was wholly unprepared to have the thought so quickly verified and to find in her one of the speakers of the Convention. Her subject was purity and temperance, and her soul-face had revealed to me 'her platform' before her lips uttered a word.

It is thus that the inner life and fire of thought imprints and seals the face. Shall we not, then, as individuals, render this service? Are we not called to carry bright faces? Someone has expressed this thought 'I expect to pass through this world but once; if therefore, there is any kindness I can do to anybody, let me not deter or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.'

The true beauty of life is constituted of 'little tendernesses, kindly looks, sweet laughter, loving words.' Through the medium of patient, consecrated service and building, characters are wrought which will not be content with sitting and dreaming about the loveliness of Christian service.

TO THE RIGHT.

How a Sermon was Illustrated by a Very Funny Incident.

A New England clergyman, whose countenance is ordinarily grave and solemn under the most mirth-provoking circumstances, nevertheless tells of several occasions on which his gravity has completely given way, much to his distress.

One Sunday evening he was delivering an address in the vestry of a church in a neighboring town, where he had gone to exchange with a brother clergyman. Just

as he reached the warmest and most eloquent part of his address, he discovered that the lamp which provided all the light for the small room was apparently going out.

Without stopping in his address, he put out his hand and endeavored to turn up the wick of the lamp, but was not at first successful. He was at the time speaking fervently of the impossibility of escape from the law for the sinner. Still fumbling with the lamp, he cried, earnestly, 'Which way shall he turn? Which way, I say, shall he turn?'

An anxious-faced deacon who sat in the front seat, and had been watching with much interest the minister's ineffectual efforts to secure more light, suddenly rose in his seat, unmindful of everything save the preacher's predicament.

'Turn to the right, Mr. Brown!' he called, clearly. 'Turn to the right, and be quick about it, or—'

His admonition came to a sudden end, for the minister, losing his wits and his gravity at the same moment, so he says, turned the wick to the left, and out went the light. It was some moments before matters were satisfactorily arranged and he could resume his sermon.

'And,' he says, in telling the story, 'I was glad the light went out, for it hid my amusement over the funny incident.'

A NIGHT OUT

How it was Drearly Spent on 'the ragged Edge of Nothing.'

As an illustration of the discomfort of a position 'on the ragged edge of nothing,' the following story, from 'Climbs in the New Zealand Alps,' is excellent. The author of the work, E. A. Fitz Gerald, F. R. G. S., his guide Zarbrigen, and Mr. Harper, were surprised by darkness in a position where it was impossible for them to advance. As it was equally impossible for them to spend the night where they were, hanging to narrow ledges of rock covered with thin ice, they were obliged to retrace their steps—a slow and painful process. At last they reached a spot that might answer their purpose—a ledge some fourteen feet long and eighteen inches broad, on which the three men could just manage to sit.

It seemed to us as sheltered a place as any upon the slope, but should there be any great fall of stones in the night, I feared that we should have but a small chance of escape. No sooner had we seated ourselves than we heard the ominous whizz of falling stones. This was but the commencement of a cannonade that was kept up at intervals throughout the night. The rocks flew past us so close that at times we could almost feel the wind on our faces. We never dared so much as to close an eye all night for fear of slipping into the abyss below.

The cold became intense, the thermometer dropping twenty five degrees, and as most of our garments had been soaked in wading through the melting snow, they froze hard. Harper took off his boots and placed his feet in his knapsack, so that, had he fallen he could not possibly have recovered himself. Zarbrigen also took off his boots and sat upon them to keep them warm for the morning, lest they should be frozen, and he should find himself unable to get into them again.

We did our best to keep up our spirits by singing songs, the most appropriate of which seemed to be, 'We won't go home till morning.' There was no moon, and the night was intensely dark, though the weather was clear, while the slight breezes from the southwest seemed to chill us to the bone. After midnight we gradually fell silent, and did not even talk, while Harper dozed for a moment or two and nearly tumbled

Baby's Own Soap

IS NOT, as most soaps, made from "soap fat," the refuse of the kitchen or the abattoir.

VEGETABLE OILS supply the necessary ingredients—one of the reasons why it should be used in nurseries and for delicate skins.

The Albert Toilet Soap Co., Mrs. Montreal.

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off. I had to catch hold of him and retain my grip till he could regain his balance. It then occurred to us that if we spread one of the pieces of mackintosh sheeting over our heads and lighted some candles beneath it we should be warmer.

We found the plan successful, and kept on lighting candles, so that we could warm our fingers at them and still remain seated in our cramped position. Luckily we had an ample supply, and could continue to burn them till the dawn began to appear.

It seemed to us as if we had been seated for weeks on this ledge; and when at last it became light enough for us to move, we were so stiff that it was with difficulty that we gained our feet.

We now began making preparations for departure. The rope was like an iron bar, and our frozen clothes would not give to our motion. Harper's boots were frozen so stiff that he was obliged to cut them open and burn innumerable candle-ends inside of them before he succeeded in getting them on.

I kept mine on all night, as I knew how much trouble I should have in putting them on again in the morning if I took them off of us all, for his scheme of sitting on his boots and warming them had worked most admirably, though during the night he complained several times that the nails in them were rather hard.

We were extremely stiff, all of us, and for some distance literally limped along. However, when the sun rose it gradually thawed us, and we were able to make better time.

"I HAD NO FAITH."

But My Wife Persuaded Me to Try the Great South American Rheumatic Cure and My Agonizing Pain Was Gone in 12 Hours, and Gone for Good.

J. D. McLeod of Leith, Ont., says: 'I have been a victim of rheumatism for seven years—confined to my bed for months at a time; unable to turn myself. Have been treated by many physicians without any benefit. I had no faith in rheumatic cures I saw advertised, but my wife induced me to get a bottle of South American Rheumatic Cure from Mr. Taylor, druggist in Owen Sound. At that time I was in agony with pain. Inside of 12 hours after I had taken the first dose the pain had all left me. I continued until I had used three bottles, and I now consider myself completely cured.'

A Seditary People.

In the consideration of the general habits, nothing seems more strikingly characteristic of the American than his indomitable love of physical repose. It is by no means intended, even inferentially, to accuse him of indolence, which it would be clearly unjust to do, but he is, par excellence, the man of sedentary life. Gifted with ingenuity and mechanical handicraft scarcely approached by the man of any other nation, he has turned these gifts somewhat largely to account in providing substitutes for his legs. The rapid development of the various systems of transit in the United States within a comparatively few years has rendered the covering of distances so convenient, speedy, comfortable, and withal so cheap, that walking has almost gone out of fashion with us. In addition to this, the systematic development of the various departments of service, the high state of efficiency of the post, telegraph and telephone systems, have tended to diminish more and more the necessity of getting about, and to confine the man of business to his office; for, as a matter of fact, many men now conduct all the ramifications of extensive business relations that Americans are emphatically sedentary. In recreations and amusements the same tendency has largely prevailed.

Wanted all his Privileges.

'Mr. Speaker,' the new member quavered, 'I should like to rise to a question of privilege.'

'The gentleman from Kansas has the floor.'

'I want to know if I got a right to mention that I got a lot of pure Jersey heifers to sell in the speech I am going to have put in The Record for circulation in my district?'—Cincinnati Enquirer.

\$19.500 GIVEN AWAY IN BICYCLES AND WATCHES FOR SUNLIGHT SOAP WRAPPERS During the Year 1897.

No.

Work freely. Work sweet fabrics well.

Salary give him. Widows in stock the lives in the when he was a which is full of sense from the that term, is his inventions. that the great his inventions. his serious in-aid of him that on his trying a he would rather parted from it. as ample oppor-on, and the at-chine need be durable extent. he has secured a ever printing is every continent, which almost in-onized the art of ally until with-gone no apprec-discovery of the d years ago.

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CALLY AND HAUSTED.

Compound ilder and ator.

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artner.

u know Perkins?— ent with his wife iage, twenty years er lost temper, or to keep silence.' ked? s has kept silence th.

Notches on The Stick

"Great schools best suit the sturdy and the rough," wrote Cowper in that somewhat caustic review of schools, "No Tirocinium." And he had reason to know, having been subjected, when a timid, delicate child to the loneliness, coldness, poverty and brutality of an English school of the period. That is the place where the tough of fibre and the callous of brain, fare the best, as to the matter that make for comfort. A wind-flower like child, morbidly shy and sensitive, thrown from the tender care of home on the organized anarchy of a public school, his were wounds and agonies never to be forgotten. But Coleridge had added to his inconveniences bitter pains of want. Eight years of such life might well have stamped him ineffaceably. This mind, all sensitive wax; this tender shoot of life, trod upon! This "delicate and suffering boy," with weak stomach, and tender feet, that shuffled in shoes too big for him, and made him glad to sit at ease and read, while others sported, as well as the hungry and neglected can. This mind, made prematurely quick by suffering, imbibing subtle thoughts, and driven for solace to literature and philosophy;—the learned boy, exciting the wonder of pupils and masters, sitting on the doorsteps reading,—his book on his knee, his knee-breeches unbuttoned, his shoes run down at the heel, his bent-over head covered with its cropped black hair; this bud of a boy—a poet—drinking in the "soft strains" of Bowles, and getting ready to translate "Wallenstein" and write the "Ancient Mariner;" he fills us with more astonishment than any being of modern times. But this child,—that ought to have been every day with his mother,—chilling his already perished frame in the New River, and ruining his constitution generally,—what shall we say of him? Vast as was his mind, he never lived to see the day when he did not need a guardian, so impracticable and immethodical he was.

And that brute—Gracian Bowyer! Lamb, himself could never make us love him over much; nor has he tried it very carefully. His "great merits as an instructor" we waive; let them be put to his credit. His discernment, and rough patronage of apt pupils, and recognition of peculiar talent are well enough; but so much suffering requires gentleness and sympathy. Among the hundreds of boys there were some who should come to prominence; Middleton could master Greek finely, and he should be Bishop of Calcutta. He comes into Bowyer's favor, and tells him that boy, Coleridge is a prodigy, who reads Virgil for amusement; when you read his English verses, you say at once,—Why this is a genius! Bowyer can take note of all these facts, but he cannot apparently overcome the brutality of his nature. "Woe to the school, when he made his morning appearance in his passy or passionate wig. No comet expounded surer. James Bowyer had a heavy hand. I have known him double his knotty fist at a poor trembling child (the maternal milk hardly dry upon its lip) with a "sirrah, do you presume to set your wits at me?" Nothing was more common than to see him make a headlong entry into the school room, from his inner recess or library, and, with turbulent eye, singling out a lad, roar out, "O! my lip, sirrah," (his favorite adjuration) "I have a great mind to whip you,"—then, with a sudden retracting impulse, fling back into his hair—and after a cooling lapse of some minutes (during which all but the culprit had totally forgotten the context) drive headlong out again, piecing out his imperfect sense, as it had been some devil's litaney, with the expletory yell—"and I will too!" Coleridge was scarcely the youth to require this Spartan treatment; but he got it,—though his never-tardy wits did no lagging and needed no urging. Many and many a stripe was rained on his inoffensive shoulders, out of very spite to his forlornness. "The lad was so ordinary a looking lad, with his black head, that he generally gave him at the end of a flogging an extra cut; for, said he,—"You are such an ugly fellow!"

Books are not bad friends. There is a kindness in their speaking silence; their heart-beats may be faint, but they are sincere. And when these are all we have, they are doubly precious. A circulating library would therefore be a godsend. He says: "From eight to fourteen I was a playless day-dreamer; a helluo librorum; my appetite for which was indulged by a singular incident—a stranger who was struck by my conversation, made me free of a circulating library in King street, Cheapside." Gillman, Coleridge's physi-

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Are features peculiar to Hood's Pills. Small in size, tasteless, efficient; thorough. As one man

Hood's Pills

said: "You never know you have taken a pill till it is all over." See C. L. Hood & Co., Proprietors, Lowell, Mass. The only pills to take with Hood's Carlsbad

gian and friend of later days, relates a curious incident, connected with this literary privilege; how the poet, going down the Strand, in a day dream, fancied himself Learner swimming across the Hellespont, and came with his hand in contact with a gentleman's vest-pocket, of course he missed it, but the gentleman, supposing him a pick-pocket, wheeled upon him, seized his hand, and exclaimed,—"What! so young and so wicked!" Coleridge, brought to himself, with tears disclaimed so ill an intention; then, upon the explanation that followed, struck with the novelty of the accident, and "with the simplicity and intelligence of the boy" the man gave him the power, by paying his subscription at the library, to indulge his passion for miscellaneous reading.

This has been a year of the building of tombs to the prophets, and the dedication of such memorials:—the tomb of Grant beside the Hudson, the Washington statue at Philadelphia; the great Equestrian statue; the Shaw memorial at Boston, the Peter Coope monument at New York, and we know not how many more. This is well. It shows that we are not yet inclined to forget hero, poet, or philanthropist. Meanwhile let us give to the dead, not to the living alone.

Who should complain, that in the late bestowment of royal decorations at the Queen's Jubilee, the politicians were remembered and the scientists and men of letters were overlooked? Whoever is offended, we are assured that John Ruskin, George Meredith, Dr. Frankland, Prof. Lockyer, and all such masters, who have already had their true reward, will utter no complaint. An American editor observes: "When a man has been for years in the front rank of his profession, has served his fellows faithfully and truthfully in science, literature, learning, or journalism, and has gained not only a national, but perhaps an international reputation, if then he is still ignored by the court flunkies who regulate the list of honors, there comes a time when for him it is by far a greater honor to remain untitled and undecorated."

We add our poor, brief tribute to the many that have fallen at the feet of Queen Victoria. The wreaths are not too rich, nor too many. In a sense she is the accepted Queen of many peoples, and of nations not her own, and to her they give reverence. She is true woman, and therefore true monarch. If not a splendid, she has a strong intellect, with good sense, fine taste, pure instincts, and a true and noble heart. If fables are also hers, who is without them. We breathe our heart-felt blessing, and say "God save the Queen."

Victoria has ever been a lover and patron of the arts, and in some forms she has been a practitioner. That she made some proficiency in music appears from certain programmes of private concerts in which her name appears as a vocalist in connection with such artists as Rubine and Lablanche. She gave, in those earlier years, while yet her Albert lived, evidence of such vocal talent as to commend the praise of Mendelssohn, himself who is said to have "borne enthusiastic testimony to the Queen's excellence as a vocalist."

The lovers of Fenimore Cooper's books may be interested to learn that of the family which gave its name to Cooperstown, N. Y., only one member survives, at the age of 75,—Miss Richard Cooper, the novelist's daughter. She is in feeble health, and cannot long remain. A custodian of many relics of the family is Mr. George Pomeroy Keese, of Cooperstown, a grand nephew of the novelist, who has a model of Onsego Hall as it was at the time of Cooper's death, which was constructed by Mr. Keese from memory. Other memorials of the great writer in his possession, are the antlers of an elk that for many years hung over the entrance of Onsego Hall, and which was presented to the author by a friend in Michigan; also a cane of whalebone carried by Cooper in later life, and some valuable pieces of manuscript in his handwriting.

PASTOR FELIX.
Nothing Hurts Out Corns
Like tight boots. A sure, certain and painless remedy is found in Patman's Corn Extractor, which removes the worst corns in twenty-four hours.

HE SAVED HIS MASTER.

And he now has a Beautiful Marble Monument.

A letter to the Philadelphia Times from Vicksburg, Miss., reports that a firm in that city has made a handsome marble shaft for a river plunger, a Mr. Phillips, on which is the following inscription: "To Bruno, a good dog, a faithful friend, a wise counsellor, this monument is erected by his grateful and affectionate master." The story of the dog is thus told:

In the spring of 1894 Mr. Phillips was making a circuit of his plantation from to see if the levee was holding in good condition. His dog Bruno accompanied him. As they approached a certain point Bruno, for some unaccountable reason, refused to advance, and began to bark and howl in a most distressing manner. Mr. Phillips, who was very fond of his pet, tried in every way to pacify him, while insisting upon continuing his journey; but the dog refused to be comforted, whining and barking in such a strange way that his master at length concluded to leave him to himself, and went on alone.

Now it chanced that by reason of a little elevation near this point on the river front, the portion of levee surrounding it was considered the soundest on the whole plantation. In view of this fact Phillips had selected it as a point of observation from which to get a bird's-eye view of the place.

As he began to climb the embankment for this purpose, he was startled to hear a dog barking close behind him, and to feel Bruno tugging at his heels.

Fearing the faithful animal had gone mad, Mr. Phillips tried to kick him off, hoping to mount the levee and so escape beyond his reach, but the dog was too quick for him. Springing up on his haunches, Bruno grasped the collar of his master's loose flannel shirt, and by main force succeeded in pushing him down the embankment.

In fact, so sudden was the spring and so frantic were the dog's efforts that man and dog were eight or ten feet back from the levee before Phillips recovered his equilibrium. When he did so, he grasped the dog with both hands around the neck and tried to choke him off.

At that moment he heard a heavy splash, the meaning of which he knew only too well, and looked up to see the levee and the solid earth upon which he had but a moment before been standing slough off and drop into the maddened, murky water.

Mr. Phillips' feelings may be better imagined than described when he saw the yawning breach reaching within a few feet of him, and realized how valiantly his brave dog, whose keener instincts had warned him of approaching danger, had fought to save him from a watery grave.

HARMONY IN MEN'S ATTIRE.

Their Apparel, Never so Good as Now, Becoming More Picuresque.

The tan shoe, so-called, originally made in tan alone, but now made in various reds and browns as well, can be matched with gloves, so that a man's hands and feet may be made to harmonize in color; and it is not unusual to see men whose shoes and gloves are alike in color, of shades that are complementary.

The multiplication of tasteful cassimeres and other fabrics for men's wear has brought about the general use of suits of the same material throughout, which are now far more commonly worn than, say, forty years ago. And this makes possible further harmonies in attire, if such effects are sought. A man may not match his hat, as well as his shoes and other belongings, with his clothes. There walked up Broadway the other day a man who was brown from head to foot; hat, clothes, gloves, shoes, brown even to the case on his umbrella. He did not pretend to be a man of fashion, nor was he a resident of this city. The tip of his hat betokened the broad and breezy West; but he had a taste of his own, and stranger as he was his sense of harmony placed him quite at home in Broadway.

The fact is that men were never so well dressed as now. And their attire, severe as it may be in style and color, is all the time growing more and more picturesque. This of the things worn in everyday life, taking no account of the agreeably striking apparel now so commonly worn by those who pursue bicycling and golf.

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His Tale of Woe.

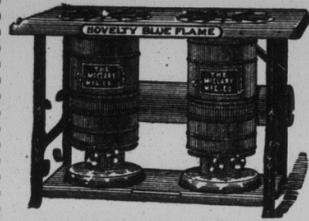
First Tramp—"I had an awful experience Monday. I was grabbed by a dog, an' I had to shout to de people in de house to call him off."

Second Tramp—"Did dey do anything fer yer?"

First Tramp—"Well, praps dey meant all right; but dey turned a hose on me an' de dog to make him let go."

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Burns with a clear blue flame, without smoke, and a heat of the greatest intensity. Burners are brass, and so made that wicks can be replaced in a few minutes as in an ordinary lamp. Wicks are 10 inches in circumference and should last one year.

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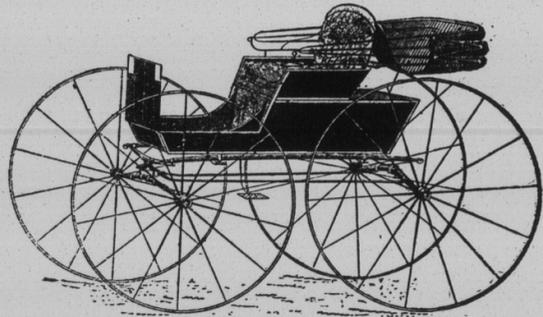
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Woman and Her Work

"Complexion is all a matter of digestion. Where there is a good digestion a beautiful complexion is bound to follow. A well regulated stomach invariably proclaims itself in a good-looking face, and to maintain this well-regulated condition attention to a fruit diet is recommended. Plums, blackberries, white and red grapes, oranges and peaches are among the table fruits, and it is difficult to say which is the best for a pretty complexion. If the skin is kept fresh and the diet is laxative the face will be good to look upon. People eat too much breadstuffs. A mud-colored skin is usually an indication of bad blood. A good thing for a sallow skin is a trip to the nearest mountains—walk up, rest, and climb down again."

So says one oracle, while another says it is all a mistake, and that what we really need to make us beautiful, is more porridge, more brown bread, and more good wholesome milk. "Perfect nonsense" cries a third. "What the men and women of this generation really need, to give them the clear pink and white complexions, the splendid physiques and the magnificent health their forefathers enjoyed, is a sensible diet of good rare, juicy meat, lightly done roast beef, broiled steaks, and plenty of fruit and vegetables, with good honest ale for a drink, instead of strong tea, stronger coffee, and greasy chocolate piled with unwholesome whipped cream! There were no weak anemic women then, no cases of being "run down" and nervous were almost unknown."

"All a mistake," says another authority, "meat is ruin to the complexion, and porridge is not much better, heating the blood and inducing every kind of skin rash. Nuts, and oranges, combined with a judicious selection of light, and easily digested foods; there is more real nutrition in half a pound of fresh, sweet nuts, than in a whole pound of beefsteak, and you run no risk of contracting some terrible disease in eating the products of the earth, as you do in eating meat." So it goes, and the disciples of different systems expound their pet theories entirely to their own satisfaction, if occasionally to the weariness of their friends.

Lately I have become convinced that we devote entirely too much time and attention to our stomachs, we think so much more than is necessary about what we shall eat, and what we shall drink, that our lives are rapidly becoming a burden to us from too much care, and I believe we are ruining our digestive organs by trying experiments upon them and endeavoring to force them into assimilating different styles of exclusive diet, instead of allowing them the wholesome variety which was evidently intended by nature.

Strange to say one point on which nearly all diet cranks have agreed before, is being questioned now, and a new apostle has arisen with the startling theory that all fruit is unhealthy; even stronghold of the dyspeptic, the baked apple is mercilessly attacked, and utterly routed by the stern iconoclast, whose name is Albert Harris Hoy, M. D. of Chicago, and who is the author of a book which has attracted a great deal of attention in the medical world, and which is entitled "Eating and Drinking."

The theory upon which Dr. Hoy bases his arguments, is that most of the functional diseases which affect the human race, are due to abnormal acidity of the blood, that these functional diseases lead to organic diseases, and that the best, if not the only method of restoring the disturbed functions, is by changing this abnormal acidity, into normal alkalinity. Fruits which contain such a large quantity of free acid are supposed to be largely the cause of this state of acidity, and therefore very injurious to the human system.

Dr. Hoy classifies fruits into natural food fruits and cultivated fruits, the former being all nourishing, and free from indigestion producing effects; while the latter, or those which man has developed by culture from wild and unpalatable varieties were never intended for the use of man, and are nearly all injurious. For example, the date, fig and banana are all true food fruits, being simply wild first as they were first made by the Creator for the use of man; and they are therefore thoroughly adapted for the human stomach, and harmless. The custard apple, the gussa the mango and the cocoonut belong to the same class, and may be eaten by man. But the grape, the plum, and even the apple, the orange, and the pear are examples of man's ingenuity in cultivating fruits which were never intended to be used as food, and are therefore unfit for him to eat, nature seeming to resent the attempt to change a hard and bitter fruit into a sweet and edible one, as an effort to

interfere with her functions; and to take her revenge by presenting the cultivated fruits from being properly assimilated by man's stomach. Dr. Hoy makes out a very strong case for his pet theory, and his ideas are, I believe, shared by many celebrated medical men; but nevertheless he has added one more thorn to the many which pierce the flesh of the luckless dyspeptic, in depriving him of his haven of refuge, and he will certainly earn the enmity of all lovers of the juicy apple, the luscious pear, and the delicious orange.

By the way—wild strawberries may be indulged in freely he says, but beware of their cultivated brethren.

"This is a curious custom you Americans have of referring to your wives by their husbands' names," observed Glanvock Kaplon an intelligent Russian traveller. "I suppose the Americans hold his wife in as high esteem as the Russian holds his, but it at home I should speak of my better half as Mrs. Kaplon my friends would at once conclude that my domestic relations were not as pleasant as they should be, and that I was thinking of a legal separation. When I first heard an American man speak of his wife as Mrs. Jones, for example, I felt almost like presuming on my acquaintance by intruding into his private affairs and asking him what the trouble was at home. Yet I soon learned that the custom was universal over here, but still I cannot get used to it. 'My wife' is the plain, blunt way I speak in Russia of the lady who, I suppose, I would have to call Mrs. Kaplon in polite society in America. In some of the more fashionable circles of St. Petersburg this American social custom has been adopted, though I was told by a prominent Government official not long ago that the Czar disapproved of it."

What a curious people the Russians are! I always knew that the wife continued to be known by her father's name, or rather as her father's daughter, after her marriage, and it seemed singular enough that Natalie Petrovna, was still Natalie the daughter of Peter, even after she had been the wife of Sarge for years. But I confess it was news to me to hear that she is never known by her husband's name at all even on formal occasions. What an anomalous position it is that the Russian wife holds; in one sense it is one of absolute independence, since her individuality is not sunk in that of her husband, as happens with us, even her name remaining the same after marriage. But yet she is simply the man's wife and is really without a title of her own. Let the New Woman who scorns the idea of her identity being swallowed up in that of some man, ponder the little paragraph I have quoted, well, and decide which position is preferable.

Some of the fashion writers assert that dress—woman's dress, of course—has never been prettier than it is now. I cannot agree with them myself because I really think the fashions reached their climax of beauty, and utility, about two years ago; the large sleeves was not only beautiful but most comfortable, though it certainly was an expensive luxury, while the full, untrimmed skirts seemed to have reached perfection, as far as comfort, and fitness were concerned. The severe plainness of their outlines was counteracted by the elaborate fancy bodices so often worn with them, and even when the bodice was as plain as the skirt, perfection of cut made up for the lack of ornamentation, and there was a delightful trimness about the plain gown with its immense sleeves, which none of the elaborately trimmed dresses of this season can boast of.

Even in the richest silks, the plain severe folds of the skirt displayed the beauty of the material far better than if the lines had been broken up by intermingled ruffles and flounces, or bands of embroidery. But the all-powerful voice of fashion has spoken, so I suppose we may as well resign ourselves to tight sleeves, and voluminously trimmed skirts, for some time to come.

One of the oldest of this season's innovations is the skirt yoke, which bids fair to become a feature of many summer dresses. One is accustomed to seeing elaborate yokes on blouses and bodices, but when it comes to a fifteen inch deep yoke on a white linen skirt which yoke is composed of alternate bands of lace insertion and tucked white mouseline de soie; the effect is odd, to say the very least. But yet that is a form of decoration applied to a dress or striped white linen, which is flounced with pink, and lined with pink silk. The skirt is gathered to the yoke with a little heading, and hangs full and plain below. The full bodice which matches the yoke, has a wide draped belt of pink silk and a cravat of the silk muslin, trimmed across the ends with lace. Other linen gowns are out in deep points around the bottom of the skirt and filled in between with knife plaitings of the linen.

All the dressmakers seem to be bending

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their energies towards the elaboration of dainty costumes for garden parties, which seem to be the popular form of festivity amongst fashionable people just now. Many of these dresses are dreams of beauty and extravagance, chiffon, and silk muslin made up over linings of daintiest silk, being as common amongst the favorites of fortune, as lawn and dimities are, with people of moderate means. There seems to be a perfect craze for all transparent materials, though they possess the disadvantage of requiring quite elaborate linings in order to be at all successful. It really matters very little what sort of material you select so long as it is thin enough to show a gleam of some bright color from the lining. White, the real old fashioned snow white, is once more in favor, therefore the girl who has very little to dress upon can have a lovely gown, and be in the very van of fashion if she invests in enough delicately tinted batiste or zep by gingham for lining, and pure white muslin, either sprigged, or perfectly plain; and then effects a combination. Pale pink, and pale green are the prettiest, and most universally becoming colors for linings, but both blue and mauve are effective when the proper shades are chosen. The outer skirt may be either plain, with merely a deep hem as a finish, or it may be flounced to within a few inches of the waist, or trimmed with rows of insertion in either lace, or muslin embroidery. Some of these dresses are rendered very striking indeed by the combinations selected for linings and accessories, one example is of white wool canvas, lined with red taffeta the bodice entirely of lace over the red lining, and with a collar and belt of green blue velvet. It is most interesting to read the description what New York dressmakers call "simple" summer dresses.

The new methods of mounting these dresses is supposed to be a triumph of the dressmaker's art adding greatly to the beauty of the costume, and incidentally to the expense also. One example of this make, is in green chiffon, of a pale apple shade which is just hung upon a foundation of white taffeta silk. Over this is the real dress of white organdie, which may be as plain, or as much decorated with lace ruffles as the wearer desires. The chiffon lining is supposed to impart a delicate transparency and billowy softness impossible to obtain from the silk lining alone, while the green tint gives a charming suggestion of sea foam especially when worn under the fashionable embroidered muslins now so fashionable.

White muslin gowns flounced from the waist to the hem with narrow lace edged ruffles are very much worn; and the same muslins trimmed with yellow applique lace, and made over white silk foundations are both dainty, fashionable and expensive, simple as they look.

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A DAUGHTER OF THE LIGHTHOUSE.

A Woman who has Spent all Her Life in Lighthouses.

Daughter of one lighthouse-keeper, wife of his successor, and shortly afterward appointed assistant to her husband, Mrs. Burgess Grant has had a light-keeping career of singular interest. For twenty-two years she lived on Matinicus Rock, more than twenty miles off the coast of Maine—a lonely, fog-drenched wilderness of boulders, some thirty-two acres in extent. There, in her early girlhood, she learned to tend the lights, and upon her, her mother being an invalid, fell more than once the sole responsibility of their care, while her father was storm-bound on the shore for days, sometimes for weeks. There, left behind for a time, when he resigned the position, that she might instruct his successors, her teaching led to courtship; there she married and their her children were born.

Leaving Matinicus, she spent, still as her husband's regularly appointed assistant keeper, fifteen years more at White Head Light. Then he left the service and they moved inland, expecting to pass the remainder of their lives in a green little Massachusetts town, out of sound of the sea; but the spell of the old life was too strong, and two years later Mr. Grant re-entered the lighthouse service, working in the engineers' department of the First Lighthouse District, near Portland, where the couple still live.

In a recent article of singular interest by Gustava Kobbe, in the Century Magazine, is given a letter from Mrs Grant to a friend, the more impressive for its simplicity and unconsciousness, which shows, as nothing else could, how to this daughter of the lights her long responsibility has made of her duties a second nature—a part of herself.

"Sometimes I think the time is not far distant when I shall climb these lighthouse stairs no more. It has almost seemed to me that the light was a part of myself. When we had care of the old lard-oil lamps on Matinicus Rock, they were more difficult to tend than these lamps are, and sometimes they would not burn so well when first lighted, especially in cold weather when the oil got cool. Then, some nights, I could not sleep a wink all night, though I knew the keeper himself was watching; and many nights I have watched the lights my part of the night, and then could not sleep the rest of the night, thinking nervously what might happen should the light fail.

"In all these years I always put the lamps in order in the morning, and I lit them at sunset. These old lamps—as they were when my father lived on Matinicus Rock—are so thoroughly impressed on my memory that even now I often dream of them.

"There were fourteen lamps and fourteen reflectors. When I dream of them it always seems to me that I have been away a long while, and I am trying to get back in time to light the lamps. Then I am half-way between Matinicus and White Head, and hurrying toward the rock to light the lamps there before sunset.

"Sometimes I walk on the water, some-times I am in a boat, and sometimes I am going in the air—I must always see the lights burning in both places before I wake. I always go through the same scenes in cleaning the lamps and lighting them, and I feel a great deal more worried in my dreams than when I am awake.

"I wonder if the care of the lighthouse will follow my soul after it has left this worn-out body! If I ever have a grave, I would like it to be in the form of a lighthouse or beacon."

"Safe Cures" for Hiccoughs.

For the common afflictions, such as colds everybody knows a "sure cure." When it was announced that a New Jersey farmer

was dying of hiccoughs, which had lasted a fortnight, though the doctors tried fifty different medicines, two or three scores of persons wrote to volunteer advice. He was told to inhale nitrate of amyl; to drink the juice of canned huckleberries; to rely on the "faith cure"; and other remedies were offered, for example:

Lie down, stretch your head back as far as possible, open your mouth widely, then hold two fingers above the head so high that you have to strain the eyes to see them. Gaze intently upon them, and take long, full breaths.

Drink vinegar, or warm pit of stomach. Eat a raw onion while drinking a bottle of old stock ale.

I suggest that you do something to make yourself sneeze.

Draw air into the stomach through the throat.

Good drink of fresh, warm milk, drink with breath at intervals.

Brandy and laudanum at frequent intervals, or very strong calamus tea.

Swallow a few lumps of butter slowly. Fortunately, the sufferer did not have to take everything that the well-meaning public proposed. He was cured by eating a small dish of ice-cream.

It Cuts Glass.

The new substance, harder than the diamond, invented by the French savant, Moissan, is said to be a compound of carbon with the metal titanium. It is thought that it may be used in cutting diamonds, and may revolutionize many industries where abrasives are employed. The inventor hopes to obtain the prize of \$10,000 offered by the French academy for a substance to take the place of diamonds in drills. These diamonds have been of the black and brown variety, not gems, have been known as "bores." The largest piece ever discovered was found in Brazil two years ago, and weighed 3073 carats. The lump was worth \$120,000. About 50,000 carats have been exported from Bahia each year. It has been used around the edges of the large circular saws for cutting huge slabs of stone. The new compound will be cheap, and, as it is harder than the diamond, can do better work. It may be employed as a substitute for jewels in watches, and for glass cutting.

SILVERWARE
OF THE HIGHEST GRADE.
THE QUESTION "WILL IT WEAR?"
NEED NEVER BE ASKED
IF YOUR GOODS BEAR THE TRADE MARK
1847 ROGERS BROS.
AS THIS IN ITSELF GUARANTEES THE QUALITY.
BE SURE THE PREFIX
IS STAMPED ON EVERY ARTICLE.
THESE GOODS HAVE STOOD THE TEST FOR NEARLY HALF A CENTURY.
SOLD BY FIRST CLASS DEALERS.

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock. TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE. ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

The "Psychology" Method; also "System" for beginners. Apply at the residence of Mrs. J. T. WHITLOCK.

WHAT THE PICTURE NEEDED.
He Beat the Lightning Artist, and Went
one Better.

A New York Sun reporter heard an artist tell an amusing story of a prank played by a young American student in Berlin. The teller of the story, with some friends, had dropped into an amusement hall, where the principal performer seemed to be a lightning-sketch artist, announced on the bill as Professor So-and-so, a tall long-haired man, whose rapid work was giving great satisfaction to the audience.

His arms worked like a windmill, and the paint flew off his brush in a steady stream. The result didn't resemble anything, until, with a quick spit-spat of the brush he put a touch here and a touch there, and behold a picture!

It wasn't a work of art, to be sure, but then, the spectators were by no means critical. As the professor's arms flew around and his brush whacked the canvas, turning out new pictures in less than half a minute, the enthusiasm increased. The professor sat down to rest. A well-dressed young man, evidently an American, called out in very shaky German:

'O professor, you are very slow and your pictures are bad!'

'Come up and try one yourself if you think so,' replied the professor.

'All right,' said the young man, and while the rest of the spectators were shouting and laughing at the invitation, he climbed up on the stage and took possession of the professor's plants and easel.

It was apparent he knew something about painting from the ease with which he handled his brush. After two or three preliminary motions to limber up his arms, he turned and bowed low to the audience in the professor's best manner. The caricature was appreciated, and a terrific howl greeted him.

Turning to the canvas, he swung his paint-brush at a rate that made the professor's previous efforts seem slow by contrast. He seemed to be in a frenzy, and the eyes of the stolid Germans in the theatre bulged with astonishment. They forgot to drink their beer. In less than a minute the American turned and bowed again to the spectators to imply that his picture was completed, and that he awaited their decision. As he stood aside, and the canvas on which he had been working was exposed, there was silence for a moment, and then came a storm of jeers, in which the professor joined. The canvas was merely a blotch. Not even the wildest imagination could trace any suggestion of a picture on it.

The American looked pained at his greeting, and then turned toward his canvas. A surprised expression came over his face. That couldn't be his picture. The spectators were still jeering him, when as if it were a second thought, he sprang to the easel and turned the canvas bottom side up.

The jeers were changed to cheers. The canvas now bore an excellent landscape, with no detail left out. There were trees, a stream, an old Dutch house, and in the background several cows. It had been painted coarsely, but it was effective, and far superior to anything the professor had turned out.

While the spectators were laughing at the young American's ready wit, he sprang off the stage, and accompanied by several friends, left the hall. I learned that he was studying art in Berlin, and that he spent more time in practical jokes than at the art schools. He had fairly beaten the professor at his own game, and there were no more lightning sketches that evening.

A DEEP LAKE.

The Irishman was Bound to Prove the Depth of the Water.

In County Sligo, says the Waverley Magazine, there is a small lake renowned for its fabulous depth. A professor happened to be in that part of Ireland last summer, and started out for a ramble among the mountains, accompanied by a native guide. As they climbed, Pat asked him if he would like to see this lake, 'for it's no bottom at all, sorr.'

'But how do you know that, Pat?' asked the professor.

'Well, sorr, I'll tell ye; me own cousin was sh'win' the pond to a gentleman one day, sorr, and he looked incredulous like, just as you do, and me cousin couldn't stand it for him to doubt his word, sorr, and so he said: 'Begorra, I'll prove the truth of me words,' and off with his clothes, and in he jumped.'

The professor's face wore an amused and quizzical expression.

'Yes, sorr, in he jumped, and didn't come up gain at all, at all.'

'But,' said the professor, 'I don't see that your cousin proved his point by recklessly drowning himself.'

'Surr, sorr, it wasn't drowned at all he was; the next day comes a cable from him in Australia, askin' to send on his clothes.'

Reclaiming Salt Meadows.

The New Jersey state geologist, after a study of the Holland dikes and drainage system, proposes to use his knowledge by diking and draining the Hackensack and Newark salt meadows. These comprise 27,000 acres, and if they can be made cultivated land they will be exceedingly valuable, owing to the nearness to New York and the other large cities on the New Jersey side.

CHASE AND SANBORN'S SEAL BRAND COFFEE. ONLY IN 1lb and 2lb TIN CANS. FOLLOW DIRECTIONS.

French P D Corsets

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The Celebrated P. D. CORSETS are absolutely without rival, and occupy the first position in the Corset trade throughout the world. Every pair of P. D. Corsets are tailor cut, and are made of the very finest materials only, and are known the world over for their grace, comfort and durability.

Obtainable from all leading dry goods stores in every variety of shape and style. Wholesale only. KOENIG & STUFFMANN, Victoria Square, Montreal.

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MANUFACTURERS OF

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BOWLING ALLEYS, &c.

Importers of Billiard Cloth, Balls, Tips, etc. Our Columbus Electric Cushions are known to be the best in use.

88 St. Denis St., Montreal.

TURKISH DYES

EASY TO USE.

They are Fast. They are Beautiful. They are Brilliant.

SOAP WON'T FADE THEM.

Have YOU used them; if not, try and be convinced.

One Package equal to two or any other make.

ADAMS' TUTTI FRUTTI AIDS DIGESTION. Save coupons inside of wrappers for prizes.

DRUNKENNESS

Or the Liquor Habit Positively Cured by Dr. Hamilton's Golden Specific. It can be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the patient. It is absolutely harmless, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure. IT NEVER FAILS. Mothers and Wives, you can save the victims. GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO. TORONTO, Ont.

Spring Lamb, Lettuce and Radish.

THOMAS DEAN, City Market.

SPARROWS TOOK POSSESSION.

And Every Effort to Dislodge Them was Unavailing.

The congregation of the baptist church at Smith's Farms, two miles east of Ringoes, N. Y., has been obliged to abandon the building in consequence of the vast number of English sparrows that have taken possession of it. The church is a small structure that stands on the edge of the little settlement, and it has been a place of worship for the people of Smith's Farms and the surrounding country for nearly a quarter of a century.

Five years ago some women members of the congregation conceived the idea that English ivy planted near the building and trained on its walls would give it a picturesque appearance, and some roots were set out. The vines grew rapidly, and within three years they nearly covered the building.

Two years ago a half dozen English sparrows made their appearance, and built nests in the vines. More soon followed and took up their abode in the belfry. The people of Smith's Farms were pleased with the idea of the birds making their home among the vines, and they did nothing to disturb them. Last spring an army of sparrows came to the church, and the vines were fairly alive with them.

Some of them managed to get inside the building and make their nests in every available spot. The members of the church didn't like the idea of the birds nesting inside the building, but their was a strong sentiment against tearing the nests down, and they were allowed to remain. When the season for hatching came the building swarmed with young sparrows.

The pastor thought he saw sure destruction of the property if the birds were not driven out, and he called a meeting of the trustees of the church to devise some way of ridding the building of the birds. There was trouble at once. The majority of the trustees were opposed to molesting the sparrows, and they refused to follow the pastor's suggestion. The upshot of the affair was that the pastor resigned and the birds continued to roost in and around the church.

Last spring the number of sparrows that came to the old church was innumerable; they swarmed into the building, and when the people attempted to hold services Sunday the chattering of the birds made it impossible, and finally it became necessary to dismiss the congregation. The seriousness of the situation was now fully realized by the people, and they set about studying up a way of getting rid of the birds.

The vines were torn from the church walls and the nests destroyed; this appeared to madden the vicious little pests and they gathered in full force inside the church and whenever a man came through the door they swooped down on him in a body and pecked his face until he was glad to get out. An attempt was made to drive the birds from the building by burning pounds of sulphur inside, but the occupants left temporarily, returning when the fumes of the sulphur were out of the building. Finally the people gave up and despair and decided to abandon the church till winter, when the sparrows will leave, and they hope to be able to keep the birds out next spring.

NEVER PAY CASH.

Advice of a Business Man Who Believes in Buying on Credit.

'Never pay cash for anything if you want to get commercial rating,' said a business man the other day. 'Get goods on credit, even when able to pay spot cash for them, and pay the bill with promptness when it becomes due. If you do this long enough you will probably get the reputation of possessing all the money you have got trusted for, and, at any rate, will be known in business circles where you wouldn't be named if you always paid cash. A man who pays cash for everything is supposed to be doing business on small capital, while a man who gets things on credit, or, what is better still, pays for them in notes, is generally believed to be operating on such a large scale that he has no ready money to spare for small deals.'

'As for getting credit, it is the first step that costs, of course, but a man can begin by referring people to his landlord and the tradesmen with whom he deals, if he can do no better. If he has no accounts anywhere, he must set about having them; get trust for small amounts and in time you will get trusted for larger ones. The first requisite to wealth is not money, but credit. Get credit and you will do business amounting to an indefinite number of times your capital.'

'Without dilating further on the advantages of credit, let me give you an illustration of the disadvantages of doing business on a cash basis. A country merchant I knew who had always paid cash for everything he bought (and did a correspondingly small business) determined finally to enlarge his trade, and to do this required the credit he had never before asked for. When he came to town and asked the man to whom he had always paid cash to let him have goods on time, they one and all became suspicious of him and refused. The very fact that he had always paid cash made them think, when he finally asked for credit, that he wasn't a safe man to trust. Moral: Never pay cash for anything if you would avoid suspicion.'



BABY WAS CURED. DEAR SIRS,—I can highly recommend Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. It cured my baby of diarrhoea after all other means failed, so I give it great praise. It is excellent for all bowel complaints. MRS. CHAS. BOTT, Harlow, Ont.

THE HEAD MASTER. GENTLEMEN,—I have found great satisfaction in the use of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and consider it invaluable in all cases of diarrhoea and summer complaint. It is a pleasure to me to recommend it to the public. R. B. MASTERTON, Principal, High School, River Charlo, N.B.

The Best Piece

of 12 ounce Soap in the market at a similar price.

Oak Leaf

You won't know how good a wrapped soap you can sell at 4 cents and make a profit until you try a box of this.

All jobbers sell it. JOHN P. MOTT & CO. Halifax, N. S.

PUTTNER'S EMULSION

Excellent for babies, nursing mothers, growing children, and all who need nourishing and strengthening treatment.

Always get PUTTNER'S. It is the original and best.

OYSTERS FISH AND GAME always on hand. MEALS AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY.

CAFE ROYAL

BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., - - St. John, N. B. WM. CLARK, Proprietor. Retail dealer in..... CHOICE WINES, ALES and LIQUORS.

STAINED GLASS Memorials, Interior Decorations. CASTLE & SON, 20 University St., Montreal. Write for catalogue E.

CROCKETT'S CATARRH CURE!

A positive cure for Catarrh, Colds in Head, etc. Prepared by THOMAS A CROCKETT, 162 Princess St. Cor. Sydney

Buctouche Oysters.

RECEIVED THIS WEEK: 20 Bb's Buctouche Bar Oysters At 10 and 22 King Square. J. D. TURNER.

WOMEN PAY DUTY CALLS.

Revolt of English Women in India Against One Form of Social Bondage.

The English women living in India put a sensible scheme into execution recently. They revolted against the social bondage of 'duty calls' and organized an anti-calling union. Several hundred women joined and pledged themselves to abide by the rules which are very simple.

Instead of paying calls in person cards are sent and calls are returned by post. A personal call is allowable only when a special compliment is intended. At home days are held by the members of the union when convenient, notices of these being printed in the papers several days beforehand. The fact that men are excluded from these privileges has caused no end of amusement among the women and no less talk among the lords of creation, particularly the crusty bachelors of society, who declare that calling did keep some women quiet; they go so far as to make wagers on what mischief their woman friends will be up to now that there is no necessity for them to pay duty calls.

There is no union of this kind in this city, but the women members of the Barnard Club long ago gave up calling for the mere name of the thing. They agreed that their club should be a kind of a social clearing house, and the plan has worked admirably. An informal reception is held in the beautiful club rooms every Saturday afternoon, and a little chat with one's friends there relieves everybody of all calling obligations. This even extends to party calls among most of the members. One of the most prominent women in the club says that the plan not only saves the club members a great deal of valuable time, which can be put to more profitable use, but strengthens the moral character as well, since nothing weakens it so much as obligatory duty calling. The membership of this club, which includes men, too, has run away up into the hundreds and the waiting list is very long.—N. Y. Sun.

DIAGNOSIS BY GESTURE.

Different Diseases Produce Characteristic Movements of the Limbs.

A medical paper in a recent issue has described the characteristic movements of the limbs made by persons suffering from different diseases. The gestures of the patient when asked to locate his pain not only indicate its seat, but describe its character. Thus, if the pain be in the chest and distributed over a large area the sufferer sweeps the palm of his hand over his chest with a circular motion; but should the pain be local he first draws his hand away from the body and then with the index finger outstretched and the others curved cautiously approaches the spot where the trouble is. In appendicitis he holds the palm of the hand over the diseased area without touching the skin. When suffering from violent non-inflammatory pains the patient slaps the abdomen. A child who complains of continuous pain in the stomach when there is no tenderness on pressure, is probably afflicted with disease of the spine. In hip-joint disease the pain will be referred to at point inside the knee. With violent diffused non-inflammatory pain in the leg, the patient grasps the limb affected; if it be a shooting pain he will point at the place with one finger.

The pain of hepatic neuralgia or 'shingles' is indicated with the thumb or forefinger. In joint pains the patient approaches the seat of trouble cautiously with the hand flat. A curious case is quoted of a patient complaining of a severe headache. Being asked in what part of the head it was, he answered, 'The top,' and when further questioned as to the exact spot pressed his finger on the side above the cheek bone. This he did three times, though declaring that the seat of the pain was exactly on the top of the head. The cause of the trouble was found to be a bad tooth.

An Ontario Lady Had Her Hands Poisoned

Ladies should remember that the Diamond Dyes are the only pure, true and undiluted dyes in the world. The imitation dyes sold under various names have bulk enough, but three fourths of the contents is composed of cheap and worthless ingredients most dangerous to use and handle.

Diamond Dyes, prepared according to scientific principles, are always the same in color and strength; these great advantages the women of Canada fully appreciate.

An Ontario lady writing about Diamond Dyes says:

'Your Diamond Dyes are the best I have ever used; they are quite harmless to work with and never irritate the skin. I had occasion to use a package of common, cheap dye that was sold me as being equal to the 'Diamond,' but it proved a source of great trouble. After using it a severe rash appeared on my hands, showing it contained poisonous matter.'

A Mistaken Idea.

Commander Booth-Tucker's conviction of keeping a disorderly house seems to have no effect on that ardent warrior. His neighbors have again lodged complaints against the Salvation Army headquarters in Fourteenth street, and the all-night racket conducted therein. This sort of religious enthusiasm seems to have erased from its code the canons about loving one's neighbors as one's self, and doing unto others as one would be done by. These be days of progress. Some better weapons of scaring away the devil should be discovered than nerve-destroying bells and Salvation Army tom-toms.—Life.

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A MODERN TELL.

Courcy Devereaux & Co. is the name engraved on the plates of our office door in Brown's court, No. 113, third floor.

I never got there myself unless there is something special on, but my partner, Courcy Devereaux, as he calls himself, attends daily, if only for an hour or so, for the looks of the thing, and to read his paper.

As for myself, I am the "company," Bliggs is my name, plain John Bliggs and when this office business was first proposed I felt hurt because Courcy wouldn't put my name in full also.

But I had to give way, as I did to everything he proposed, for he is A1, and a credit to his profession.

To what profession, did you ask? Well, I will try and explain it all to you, but you must first understand that my partner has an extraordinary headpiece for business. It is astonishing the way he can think out everything.

"Bliggs, old boy," says he, one evening, about a month ago, "you remember that house I pointed out to you at the corner of Dovecot terrace?"

"I do. What of it?" I answered.

"I am told that there is living there a rich American. He is married, only one servant—quiet sort of people evidently; and as I know you can't like dogs in your business capacity, I find they do not keep one big or little. Tomorrow morning, therefore, you must proceed to Dovecot terrace go to the side door in the wall, and try to sell the servant one of the firm's brooches!"

Next morning I set out, for part of my work as partner was to carry a black box occasionally, containing brooches, which I sold to servant girls, as a rule.

"Sold," I said, but seeing as how we gave about three-and-six-pence each for those brooches, we ought to have got a trifle more than the price my partner told me always to charge, but he was always so good-hearted, he was.

"Charge sixpence each for 'em," says he. "We shall never lose anything by being generous."

It was just like him—he was too generous—but I never had that heart myself to sell more than two at that price to one servant.

My plan of business was that, when the girl opened the door, my box was open too, and a tempting show of brooches met her gaze, and my three words, "Only sixpence each," never failed to effect a sale.

This one was no exception to the rule, and in less than two minutes I was exhibiting my stock in trade on the kitchen table. I can tell you that girl was no fool, for she picked out three of the nicest brooches I'd got, two for her sisters of course. It was fortunate for me that she hadn't got a more sister, anyway.

Then arose a little difficulty—her money was upstairs, and she seemed a bit afraid of leaving me by myself while she went for it, which was only natural.

"Don't be afraid of me, miss; here's my license, properly signed. Thomas Jones is my name, as you can see for yourself in black and white."

She was satisfied, and went away up the back stairs at once.

You see, when this brooch selling business was started my partner could not bear the idea of having my proper name put in the license—bless my heart is so proud, and he would not for the world like his city friends to know that his partner hawked brooches to servant girls.

But if he is proud, I am awfully curious, and I could not control myself; so I stopped quietly across the kitchen and peeped through the door at the back which led into the scullery, then tiptoed to the door which led to the front of the house, and, turning the handle quietly, peeped through into the hall.

"Nice little place this, altogether; should like one like this some day myself," I thought. For these little glimpses of different houses taught me a lot of useful things, you know, as I am observant of matters that some people would not give me credit for.

Just at this moment the girl came back with the money, and as my curiosity had evaporated, she found me putting my box in order.

"There you are," she said, "one-and-six-pence. I haven't kept you long, and if you are coming round this way in about a fortnight's time you might call again."

Now, as her majesty's photographs in different parts of the country have the honor of possessing my likeness—more or less distorted, I admit—I protested and proceeded to disarrange my features with the idea of baffling their intentions.

She looked at me and, smiling quietly, said: "Wait a minute, Biram, I'll fix him for you."

When she came back she had a different gun in the one hand, and a common wine cork in the other, which she placed carefully on the bald spot on my head.

"Now, my man," says she, "did you ever hear of William Tell?"

"Never knew him, that I am aware of, ma'am."

"Well," says she, "William Tell was the man who with a bow and arrow, shot an apple from the top of his son's head placed like that—and she pointed to the cork on my head. 'Now we folks out West, she continued, 'can beat those old-fashioned games hollow, but we use guns, and by preference, as I don't wish to disturb the neighbors, I will use an airgun. Please get me the small mirror from the kitchen, Biram."

I suddenly grasped the position, but couldn't speak a word to save my life, nor dared I stir. My features straightened instantly, and, shutting my eyes, I tried to count how many jalls I had seen the inside of, and what the different chaplains had talked to me about, but I couldn't remember.

Biram came with the glass, and—oh, it was horrible!—she stood with her back to me, while Biram held the glass for her.

"Ping!"

What a frightful sensation it was as the cork flew off.

"Fix that camera again, Biram," said she, turning round. I think after that he won't trouble you again; if not, I must try again at something smaller."

I tried to look as pleasant as possible under the circumstances.

And so the pictures were completed to their satisfaction, but not to ours, you may be sure.

Mr. Biram then undid the cords about

few minutes we both stood by the table on which I had placed my box the morning previous.

Locating the door which led into the hall, we found it unfastened and like a pair of spectators we passed through, and so on to the door, which led into the front parlor. This door was fastened.

"Sorry to spoil our friend's door, Bliggs but we shall be obliged to use No. 2 once more."

So No. 2 was again manipulated by my partner with such dexterity and silence that the slight instrument soon began to show its effect on the woodwork, inasmuch as a small shower of sawdust was apparent, to our joint satisfaction.

My partner whispered again: "Now for No. 3, Bliggs. Then turn the light on a little more, and we won't be long before we invite ourselves inside, and, after our business is transacted, old boy, why—hey, presto! begone!"

Necessarily I stood quite close to my partner with such dexterity and silence that the slight instrument soon began to show its effect on the woodwork, inasmuch as a small shower of sawdust was apparent, to our joint satisfaction.

Were you ever in a railway collision or pitched out of a balloon crash upon mother earth?"

Perhaps not, but, anyhow, as my senses began to return to me I fancied I had experienced both, and then I gradually opened my eyes, at the same time trying to raise my hand to an enormous lump which I felt sure I was suddenly possessed of.

Both my hands and arms were tightly secured to the chair I was seated in, and, turning my head, there was my partner, in the same predicament.

"Feel better now, old fellow," says he, "after your tumble?"

Ha! now I remembered. The sudden glare of electric light over our heads and at the same instant a sudden swishing something landed round our shoulders, and, with a tremendous jerk, down we both went crash on the tiled floor—then oblivion.

After that the dismal awakening, tied up, and with the knowledge that some good Samaritan, to bring me to my senses had insinuated about a quart of water around my neck.

"Good morning, gentlemen," said a voice at my elbow. "Sorry to interrupt you so suddenly at your work, but the fact is the £250 pounds which I suppose you were expecting to find in the escrow is put by me into the bank to-day."

And the speaker, who had hitherto been standing behind us, came in front and regarded us with a quiet twinkle in his eye.

"Come here, lassie, and let me introduce you to our visitors," he said, as he flicked off the ash from a cigar he was smoking.

The "lassie," who was evidently his wife, came to the front door also and stood by the man's side.

He was altogether a splendid specimen of humanity; she, however, was rather a small built woman, but had evidently plenty of nerve, and by the manner in which she handled a small silver-mounted rifle I was convinced that she was able to use it.

"Gentlemen, this is my wife, the champion lady shot, and for myself, well, I am supposed to throw a lasso as well as most where I came from."

Now I understand the swishing noise and our sudden overthrow.

The lady had been an amused spectator until now, but suddenly a thought seemed to strike her.

"Biram, just wait a minute, please."

So Biram bent his head while she whispered.

Then he laughed and they left us.

"We are trapped, old fellow, this time, and no mistake; they have gone for the police," said my partner, turning his head toward me. "Where will it all end?"

"Dartmoor," said I, "if—"

"Silence, please," said the lady (for she had now returned tapping the butt of her rifle); "and, moreover, do not stir."

The reason of her request was evident. Mr. Biram—an amateur photographer evidently—now came and planted a camera in front of us as we sat bound and helpless.

Other proofs of the remarkable efficacy of Ryckman's Kootenay Cure may be had by addressing the Ryckman Medicine Co., Hamilton, Ont.

Hundreds of people testify under oath. The New Ingredient used in Kootenay Cure will revolutionize medical science. One bottle lasts over a month.

ABICYCLE RECONNAISSANCE.

Two Conditions in Which a Bicycle is Quite Valueless.

The horse, as an adjunct of military operations, has been definitely relegated to an inferior position by a bicycle reconnaissance made by United States soldiers in June, 1896, the full official report of which has lately been made public by the commanding officer of the expedition, Lieutenant Abercrombie, and printed in the Army and Navy Journal.

Lieutenant Abercrombie, accompanied by a sergeant and a private soldier, each man carrying on his machine blankets, half-shelter tent, revolver, cartridges, rations and spare apparatus, so that the weight of each machine was brought up to forty-five pounds, rode from Fort Omaha to Chicago and back. This journey eastward was made in almost constant rain, over roads so flooded and muddy that it was necessary for a part of the way to abandon them and take to the railroad track. The two soldiers were new men at the business, having never made a long journey before.

With these and other disadvantages, Lieutenant Abercrombie and his men made the round trip—a distance of eleven hundred and forty-two miles—in thirteen days



us, to our relief, as we were cramped horribly.

"Sit still a minute, you pair, and be advised by me," he said, eyeing us both sternly. "Do not stir or move a hand without my permission; otherwise you must take the consequences."

We understood and nodded, for Mrs. Biram was fingering a small revolver in a manner that I did not much care for, while my partner listened gloomily.

"You may think your lucky stars that I shall not give you in charge for the reason—"

"Hear, hear, guv'nor!" I said.

"Because," he added, "we wish to get back to the States soon, and your trial would delay somewhat; but I warn you to steer clear of London for a time, for if my wife sees either of you hanging around she would certainly go in for some more gun practice; so remember."

I heard Mrs. Biram say something laughingly to her husband and then: "I believe," he said, eyeing me, "that you sell brooches very cheap?"

"Yes, sir," I replied, meekly, "too cheap. I am thinking of going out of that trade after all this."

"You may," he answered, grimly smiling, "after another transaction with my wife, and respecting which I desire you to forward her that she may receive them not later than this evening twenty-four similar brooches. If not, why, you must take the consequences; and then, of course, we shall be compelled to stop and see the fun."

"Bliggs," says my partner, as he was packing up the brooches to be posted as soon as the office opened—"Bliggs, I've got an old aunt in North Wales who hasn't seen me for a long time. Will you come?"

"I thought of the woman who, without winking, knocked corks off the heads of honest men; and then—"would I come?" I fled.—Answers.

A SHORT CUT TO RELIEF

FROM THE ITCHING AND BURNING OF ECZEMA.

What is Eczema, anyway? Let him who has been afflicted answer.

It is an itching and burning of the skin almost beyond endurance.

It is thousands of little vesicles filled with an irritating fluid, which burst and flow over the raw surface of the denuded skin, causing more torture than all other skin diseases combined.

It comes on almost any part of the body and is no respecter of age, as old people as well as tender infants are the subjects of its attack.

What about the cure? Physicians seem prone to regard it as almost beyond their reach.

Why about Kootenay Cure? Why, it's the very remedy wherever there is any deterioration of the blood.

In the case of Mr. G. W. Dawson, Fulton P. O., Ont., stated under oath, it simply worked marvels. He had Eczema for five years, was treated by many physicians in Canada and the United States, but got so bad at last with the frightful itching and burning that he thought he would go insane. Six bottles of Ryckman's Kootenay Cure cured him.

Mr. William Marcham, an Engineer, living at 242 Catherine Street North, Hamilton, makes a sworn statement that he suffered intensely with Eczema which covered his whole body. He was in the City Hospital for six weeks and was discharged at the end of that time as incurable. Four bottles of Kootenay entirely cured his Eczema.

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of actual travel, averaging eighty-four miles a day on the eastward trip, and ninety-three miles a day on the trip westward, when the roads were somewhat drier.

The riders frequently had to dismount to lead their machines through sand. On one occasion they were obliged to fell a tree to make a foot-bridge across a river, and on another they had to cut brush and lay it down and make a foothold on the bottom of an expanse of water, through which they waded up to their knees, carrying their wheels above their heads. On the first day the detachment made eighty six miles, over roads which, Lieutenant Abercrombie says, a horseman could not have traversed in any length of time. On the second day the party were forced to take to the railroad track.

The shock of bouncing from one to another was quite severe; and when, the lieutenant says, a trestle presented itself, a new complication arose. To dismount and walk meant to lose time and to cool off and stiffen up; so the trestles were ridden, although the vibration of the handle-bars, where the sleepers were more than the regulation distance apart, was terrific. I could scarcely realize that such a delicate-looking machine as a bicycle could stand such rough usage. But we averaged on the railroad track over nine miles an hour.

The party reached General Merritt's headquarters in Chicago, having made the distance from Omaha, five hundred and eighty-eight miles, in seven days, over roads as rough as rain and sun could make them.

The return was made more easily, and with less railroad-track travel. As a result of his experience, Lieutenant Abercrombie declares that the practical value of the bicycle as a means of transportation for a scout, a reconnoiterer, an infantry screen or mounted picket is demonstrated.

"There are," he says, "two conditions, and only two, where a bicycle is valueless as a means of transportation to a trained rider, and those are in sand, devoid of vegetation, and in soft, unpacked snow."

100 ASPERING.

It was the Quick he Was Not Fit for a Newsboy's Work.

It is a popular fallacy that the lower walks of life are open to any who cannot succeed in the upper walks. A different view of the subject is suggested by a story which comes from Birmingham, England.

Even the humblest profession demands certain qualities, if it is to be prosecuted with success.

It was one of those drizzling, dispiriting evenings, when a superabundance of internal comfort is necessary to balance the outward dreariness. The shops in Corporation Street had just been lighted for the evening, and from the doorway of one of them a clean, well-dressed little boy looked with longing eyes at the gutter urinals, with their damp bundles of newspapers and matches.

To that small victim of respectability and refined surroundings the free life of these street arabs presented an irresistible charm. Presently the boy overcame his diffidence, and leaving the shelter of the doorway, sought one of the newsboys.

"Do you think," he humbly asked, after a few preliminary words, "that I should be able to earn money as you do, if I bought some papers and came to this corner to sell them?"

The newsboy looked him over critically.

"What does the likes of you want selling papers?" he asked.

"I'm tired of being idle at home," replied the small aspirant.

"Well," said the other, with the serious air of an authority on the subject in question, "I've think yer could 'old a bundle o' papers in one 'and, race like the mischief, lick three or four boys bigger'n yerself with the other 'and, while yer keeps two more off with yer feet, and takes a toff's ha'penny, an' yells yer papers all the time?"

"N-o, I don't," replied the well-dressed little boy.

"Then ye're no good in the Corporation Street news agency biz," replied the ragged authority. "You'd better git yer people to 'prentice yer to the clergy, or something like that."

OUT OF THE TOILS.

Physicians Failed, Cure-Alls Failed—But the Great South American Kidney Cure, a Specific Remedy for a Specific Trouble, Cured Mrs. A. E. Young of Barnston P. Q. Quickly and Permanently.

This is her testimony: "I was taken sick in January, 1893. I employed several of the best local physicians and was treated by them for kidney disease until the autumn of the same year without receiving much benefit. I then began using your South American Kidney Cure, and derived great benefit almost immediately. I feel now that I am quite cured. I have taken no medicine for some length of time and have not had a return of the slightest symptom of the disease."

SAVED WITH A CRUTCH.

The Brave Deed of a Funny Little Crippled Indian Boy.

We are accustomed to read of Indian bravery under the excitement of battle, but seldom hear of the exhibition of any noble qualities whatever on the part of the red man who lives a dependant life among the whites. An act of heroism on the part of a lame little Indian boy in an Oregon town is worthy of note, for more reasons than one.

On one of the last days of last March, two ladies of The Dalles, Oregon, Mrs. Butcher and Mrs. Gossler, were out gathering wild flowers. They were accompanied by a little girl whose name was B-dot. On the way home the party were passing over a foot-bridge across Mill Creek, the waters of which were high, when the little girl slipped and fell into the stream, and was instantly borne beyond reach by the current.

The two ladies started to run down the bank of the stream, hoping for a chance to rescue the child, when their way was suddenly barred by a high and close barbed-wire fence. They struggled to get over it, but failed. Meantime they called loudly for help.

But there was no one within hearing except a little crippled Indian boy named Jim Busha. He came hobbling along on his crutches on the other side of the fence. They asked him to go in search of help, but when little Jim saw the child in the stream, and how necessary it was that whatever help was given should be given instantly, he preferred to supply the help himself.

He rushed into the whirling water as far as he could go, and held out his crutch to the girl. She managed to seize it, and Jim, holding in a really manful way to the footing that he had, pulled the child near him, took her in his arms, and brought her safely to the shore.

SKIN DISEASES!

One Remedy Which Has Never Failed— Tried and Tested Ointment.

Because other alleged remedies for piles, scrofula, eczema eruptions, scald head, chafing, black heads, salt rheum and skin diseases generally have proved useless, don't condemn Dr. Chase's Ointment. It has never been known to fail. For instance, Nelson Simmons, Meyersburg, Ont., writes: "I used Dr. Chase's Ointment for Itching Pills, and can recommend it highly. Since using it I have had perfect freedom from the disease."

Peter Vanallen, L'Amable, Que., had the eczema for three years. He tried three doctors, but received no benefit. One box of Dr. Chase's Ointment and three boxes of Dr. Chase's Pills cured him completely. Large scales covered his legs and body, but the Ointment soon removed them. He will swear to these facts.

Chase's Ointment may be had from any dealer or from the manufacturers, Edman-son, Bates & Co., 45 Lombard Street, Toronto. Price 60 cents.

Mother's greatest remedy for coughs, colds, bronchial and lung affections is Dr. Chase's Syrup of Licorice and Turpentine. The medicinal taste is wholly disguised making it pleasant to take. Large bottle 25 cents.

A Thoughtful Girl.

"Here's an account of a Colorado girl who climbed to the top of Mount Popocatepetl and sang 'The Star-Spangled Banner.'"

"She had some sense, didn't she? It's too bad some other girls are not as thoughtful when they want to sing."—Chicago Evening Post.

He had Experience.

"But," said the Cuban prisoner, "you will not be able to see the prisoner. He is 'incommunicado.'"

"Bah!" said the damnable filibuster, who had once been a New York book agent, "I'll manage to see him. 'I've seen hundreds of men who were supposed to be 'incommunicado.'"

Wheeler who rides a 'lightning'—You ought to get a lock for that wheel!

Scorcher (who rides a 'Blue Streak')— "Think so?"

Yes. Some one might steal it—for the lamp."—Cincinnati Enquirer.



IF YOU HAVE WEAK BACK, LAME BACK, BACKACHE, LUMBAGO OR RHEUMATISM, DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS WILL CURE YOU.

DO YOUR HANDS OR FEET SWELL? IF SO YOU HAVE WEAK KIDNEYS. DOAN'S PILLS WILL STRENGTHEN THEM.

HAVE YOU DROPSY, KIDNEY OR URINARY TROUBLES OF ANY KIND? IF SO, DOAN'S PILLS WILL CURE YOU.

SOMETHING WORTH KNOWING. HEADACHES, DIZZINESS, FRIGHTFUL DREAMS, DISTURBED SLEEP, DROWSINESS, FORGOTTENNESS, COLD CHILLS, NERVOUSNESS, ETC., ARE OFTEN CAUSED BY DISORDERED KIDNEYS.

EVEN IF YOUR MEMORY IS DEFECTIVE YOU SHOULD ALWAYS REMEMBER THAT DOAN'S PILLS CURE ALL KIDNEY TROUBLES, AND EVERY DOSE HELPS THE CURE.

SOLD AT ALL DRUG STORES.

